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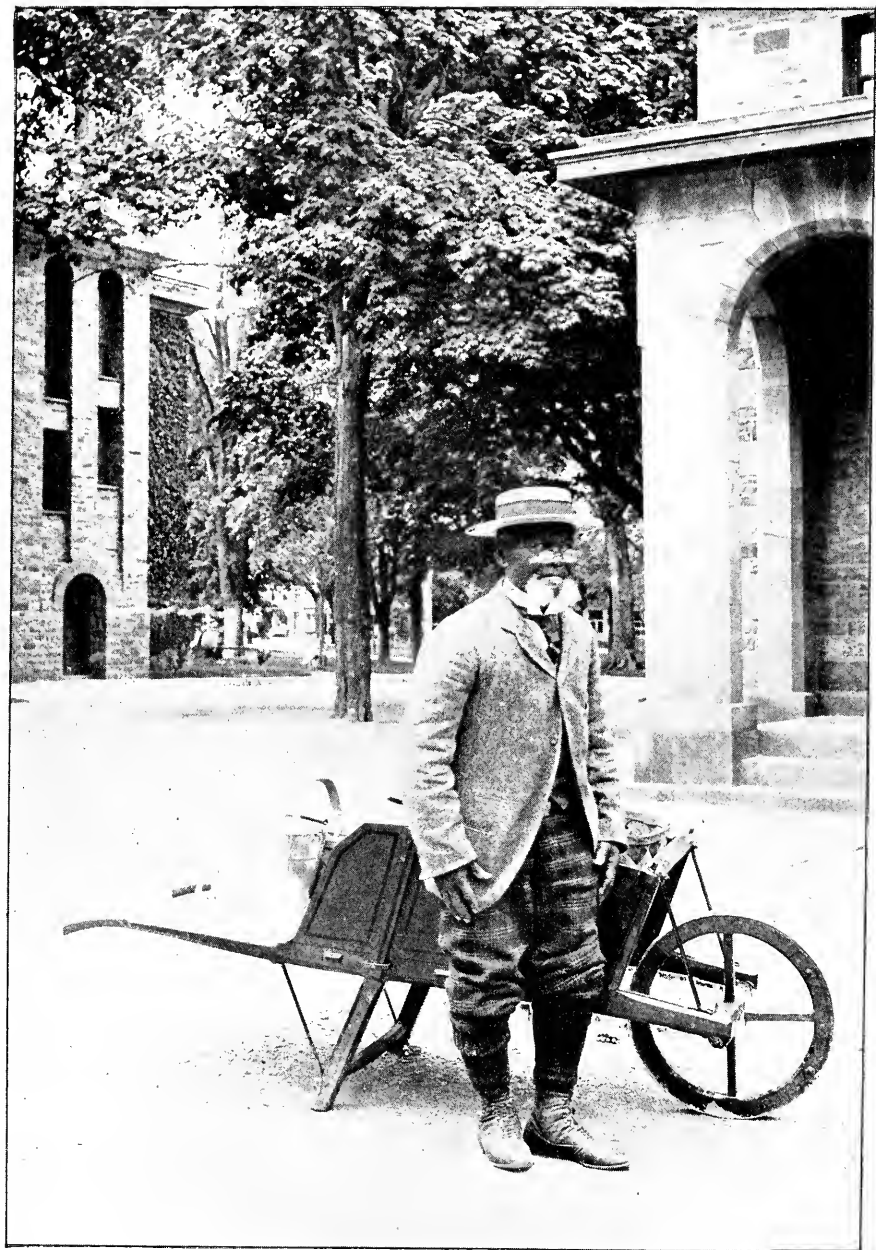


Class LD 4604

Book 1895

PRESENTED BY





JAMES JOHNSON, BY GOLF!

Princeton university Class of 1895

A HISTORY

OF THE

Class of 'Ninety-Five

JOHN FOX WEISS

"FORSAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT"



PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

1895

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PRESS OF
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To every man—yea, to all the men, whose names are scrolled with immortal fame upon the gateway of glory, as "Members of the Class of 'Ninety-Five"; to your sweethearts, your fiancées, your wives and your children, and to our dear departed dead, is this "labor of love" affectionately dedicated.

Preface.

“Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his Academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old University comrades and days.”

—THACKERAY.

As Marcus Valerius Martialis, whose “fame was widely extended,” and whose “books were eagerly sought for, not only in the city, but also in Gaul, Germany and Britain,” wrote to the Ancients: “You, who are anxious that my little book should be with you everywhere, and desire to have a companion on a long journey, buy a copy, which the parchment envelope confines within short pages: fill the libraries with the great works, one hand carries me,”—so I write to you. You will find my little book at the shop of one Bibliopola, on the Campus Princetoniensus, near the Halls of Minerva. Now hear me, for I will speak.

The writing of a Class History is an undertaking which very few people appreciate. It takes a great deal of time, it lays bare one's weakness, and it exposes him to much censure and ridicule. And yet it is a pleasant work—it is a “labor of love.” Honestly, it has been a pleasure to me to write these pages,

and to tell what I know about you all—and if I have wronged any one of you, I beg forgiveness, for no injury was meant.

To you, Professors, my apologies! for the disrespectful way in which I have spoken of you. Among ourselves we call you “Jack” Hibben; we speak of you as “Billy” Sloane; you as “Harry” Fine; you as Bliss Perry; you as Woodrow Wilson; or you as “Andy” West. You know it, and smile in your sleeves. So do not charge me with disrespect—*we* honor and respect you.

Fellow-classmates, I ask of you only this: that when, in years to come, by chance you take this dusty History from the shelf of some old book-case, you will remember with kindness the one who wrote it—one who was put in the scales and found wanting.

PRINCETON, N. J., May 2, 1895.

“Wise men alway
Affirme and saye
That 'tis best for a man
Diligently
For to apply
To the business he can,
And in no wyse
To enterprise
Another facultie.
A simple hatter
Should not go smatter
In philosophie;
Nor ought a peddler
Become a meddler
In theologie.”



CHAPTER I.

Freshman Year.

"PRINCETON JUNCTION! Change for Princeton!" cried the hollow-voiced brakeman of the Pennsylvania Railroad, on that glorious, that memorable day—the 23d of September, 1891—when the Class of Ninety-five, two hundred and seventy strong, swept down upon this dear old town—amidst the clangor of "Hungry" Golden's trumpeters, amidst the jeering and hooting of Sophomores, and amidst the sage and friendly advice of Juniors, and began the story which is here recorded. It was a glorious day—the sun shone brightly, the ambrosial flowers and the trees blossomed and bowed to us, the birds sang us a welcome, and seemed to say, "Welcome! Thou Glorious Class. We rejoice that you have come!" And so, as wandering, straying, erring Freshmen, we had arrived thus far in the search of knowledge.

Ye who love the Fall and Winter,
Love the Springtime and the Summer,
Love the girls with all their "blushing,"
And the boys with all their "rushing,"
Love all Learning and Athletics
Shown on many a field of victory,
Love the sons of dear old Princeton,
And their sons, and their sons' daughters:
Listen to our wild traditions,
To the songs which we will sing you.

With our class came Johnnie Poe, the Baltimore swell, the amalgamated "poller," the best conversationalist (to himself) in

the class, one of sixteen brothers, surrounded by many near relations (many more distant ones), over a hundred namesakes, and a host of friends. Johnny Poe, the phenomenal half-back of the world, the greatest baseball player who never played on any team, and one of the few remaining students of the Stradivarian School of Music. Here came Harding—John Cowdon Harding—the effervescent Count, the Chicago buncoer and *Police Gazette* poser. The Count came to College without a moustache, but after he was here a short time he decided to raise one in order to give the fowls of the air a place of refuge during thunderstorms. John affirmed again and again during Freshman year that he would surely be elected leader of the Glee Club. "Why," said he, "my voice assures it. They can't help but make me leader, boys; my face and my build entitle me to it." But, alas! these qualifications fell short, and, poor boy! he rested content with being the centre figure of that organization. Here also came Trenchard—"Doggie" Trenchard—fresh from the fields of Lawrenceville, who, every time he was tackled by a Sophomore, gave a howling snarl which scared away the bravest.

But these were not all who came. Oh, dear no! There were others, young and gay, sad-eyed and handsome, pollers and sports. In the "push" we found "Curly" Logan, supposed to be a half-brother of Queen Lilioukalani; "Mother" Brady, the authoress of that charming book "Mrs. Brady, or How I Became Great;" "Hank" Bissell, the metaphysical aspect of Nothingness; Jesse James, the bandit and daring outlaw, in honor of whom, it is positively (?) asserted, St. James' Palace, in London, was named, and Billy Belden, the greatest chess player of the nineteenth century.

With the congregation of the Righteous came "Keg" Neill, "Horny" Kach, "Stein" Roberts, "Kid" Carroll, "Frappe" Howe, "Si" Perkins, "Runt" Hodge, "Ducky" Teal, "Min-

nie" Minot, "Mucker" Lord, "Lady" Nelson, "Chubbie" Lewis, "Georgie" Gould, "Catty" Arnold, "Sunfish" Walker, "Baby" Bunting, "Pop" Pease, "Doc" Love, "Cherub" Wells, "Porky" or "Chippy" Brooks, "Sport" Porter, "Knockers" Stone, Thomas Pierson Esquire, "Poller" Fleming, "Skinny" Seymour, and one other, "Daniel Webster" White, who we knew would make himself famous before many moons.

As the clock on Old North tower struck the hour of three, the class assembled in Marquand Chapel for the purpose of listening to the opening address made by President Patton. We were cautioned against delving too deeply into our studies, against the over-indulgence of athletic sports, against entering any secret societies while we were members of the College of New Jersey, though we ought surely to join Whig or Clio, and then followed a discourse on the company we should keep and with whom we should associate *in Princeton*, after which the assembly was dismissed. "At this point," continues the chronicler, "there were signs shown of great enthusiasm, large numbers of the audience clapped their hands and stamped their feet upon the floor, thereby creating great confusion; and at the same time they shouted 'Freshmen! Freshmen!' but insomuch as we were all strangers to the place, we knew not exactly what was meant; and, thinking it best to show our approbation at these tokens of delight, we all smiled pleasantly, and having done this the confusion greatly increased." Oh that we could only again see those faces! Could we only again picture ourselves as we stood before those Sophomores, wondering how such beings could exist. But, alas! Not so! Those moments can never come to us again, and although we loathed them then, we love them now. Not like the soldier who learns to fight at dress-parade did we meet the Sophomores, but rather like warriors on a field of battle, who, after coming out victorious, go to feed their faces,—so did we meet those Sophomores, and then did we go to Dinner.

Were there any braver men in Princeton, than the crowd of Freshmen which had entered that day? We all said "No," *but*—we doubted it.

This task having been performed, the next question was how to get home without being molested by our friends(?). Many propositions were offered and many ways shown, so one of these was selected, and as many as went in the same direction started off together; not exactly afraid, but rather timid, wondering what the outcome would be. Most of us arrived home safely, but those who were waylaid on the road were escorted down the railroad track, or out Mercer Street, or to some "babbling brook and shady nook." The night was passed serenely by the rest of us, and the dawn of the next day was gladly welcomed, for, though it is strange to relate, Freshmen always appreciate the daytime, well knowing that at this time there is the least to fear.

A meeting of our class was called for one o'clock on this day—Thursday—and at that hour our entire class collected in the Old Chapel, to see what the meeting was for. Phil King and several other Juniors had charge of the meeting, and, after a few remarks, King said that we had been brought together for the election of officers. There were many nominations at this meeting for the different offices, and as each man was nominated he was compelled to stand up, so that everybody could see him, for observation is the basis on which Freshmen class meetings are always conducted. For President—Billy Neill nominated Chris Payne, who, he said, knew more about parliamentary law than any other man in the class. So Chris stood up and we all gazed on him. Then Phil Walker nominated Johnny Poe, whereupon John also rose and passed through a critical scrutiny. Beside these there were many other nominations, but they faded away or practically amounted to nothing. Now it had always been an established principle in the classes preceding ours to elect the best-looking man among the candidates to this office; but

this principle, which had as its basis "the beautiful," fell far from its calling at our first meeting, and the homeliest man in the class, John Prentiss Poe, Jr., of Baltimore, was elected President. He then took the platform amid great cheering, and in a stump speech said: "Fellows, I am proud of the honor you have bestowed upon me. My face can't be ruined much, so I'll go in all the battles with you head first. Nominations are now in order for Vice-President." Without much parleying or wrangling Arthur L. Wheeler, of Philadelphia, was elected to this office. The Lawrenceville crowd then nominated and elected Theodore S. Huntington, of Columbus, Ohio, Treasurer, while the Prep. School crowd ran in Harry M. Anderson, of Charleston, W. Va., as Secretary. There was still one office remaining, that of Historian, and to fill this position we elected Gustavus A. Hall, of Trenton. Elections being over, the next question brought up was that of a "rush," and it was unanimously decided to have one on the following night. And now that the business of the meeting was over, the President asked several Juniors to speak to us, and from them we learnt many things which were afterwards much appreciated.

During this meeting the Sophs had been patiently waiting for our adjournment outside the doors, and when finally the adjournment did come, headed by Poe and Wheeler, we rushed pell-mell through that motley crowd, caring neither for our tender faces nor our uncovered heads; for on such occasions, you know, Freshmen always manage to have their hats concealed. We rushed through those Sophomores as easily as though they were so many children, and came off with only a few bruises and minus a few caps, which, with all our precaution, disappeared in some mysterious way—and we were all the more eager for the "rush" which was to come.

Little of importance happened during the remainder of that day, except, as I have said before, in the evening a *few* of us

were again taken for an airing—some again down the railroad, some to the fence around the Episcopal Church, some towards Kingston and others towards the canal. It is hard to say which direction was the most preferable, but as far as I am able to find out I think the fence which encloses the church, and the canal were the two most objectionable. The fence is an iron picket one, about six feet in height, painted black, and possessing the sharpest points of any fence I ever had the occasion to examine. And so it happened that when '94 heard of the oratorical distinction of "Nancy" Sutton, whose reputation had preceded him, they betook themselves to his room, and, taking "Nancy" with them, proceeded to the churchyard, and having perched him on the fence so that he could dangle in midair, supported only by the grasp of the points in his trousers, demanded a speech. "Nancy" was so elated at this offer to address the Sophomores that he actually hung there for one-half hour, making the speech of his life, a part of which I feel duty bound to give you. "Gentlemen," he said, "I feel highly honored in being able to address men so worthy of my efforts, and especially am I honored in being called upon at such a time and under such auspicious circumstances. Your class is a glorious class ; it contains the best men I have yet met (cries of Right, Right), and you are all gentlemen (long and continued applause), worthy of the name of Sophomores, which you bear. * * * * *

And yet, placed in this position, delicate as it is, I am neither able to do myself the justice which I am sure I deserve, nor am I able to associate with you as I feel sure you would have me do, for you have shown it by calling upon me so early in the game." He informed me afterwards that the Sophomores told him he was the freshest thing they had ever seen and that he had better go home and stay with his nurse for a few more years. Other cases similar to this one happened during that night, but none of them deserve mention alongside of "Nancy's" experience.

The next day was Friday, and, as has been already stated, it was the day on which the "rush" was to take place. Everything was quiet until after dinner that evening, when both classes began gathering together for the battle of strength. As is the custom, the Juniors helped us in showing us how to form our men; they told us to keep in a compact body, to make all the noise we possibly could, and they exhorted us on; but I say it, and on the authority of as truthful a man as I am able to find, Clarence Porter, that they did not lend us any assistance in the "rush." We formed on Dickinson Street, right resting on University Place, with as large a class as has ever marched through the streets of Princeton. The line of march lay out Dickinson Street to Mercer, to Nassau, down Nassau and then on to the campus. We do not know how '94 arrived on the campus and at the cannon, but when we came they were there. There was no time for advice, none for orders, and we needed none, for we had been told what to do. We formed as solid a body as we possibly could, and with "Beef" Wheeler, Knox Taylor, Gus Holly, Harry Brown, "Doggy" Trenchard, Johnny Poe, Joe Flint and a few others in our front lines we made the first charge. It was received by '94 with much more resistance than we had expected, but both sides were completely broken. Both classes again formed, and the second charge was made, yet again the Sophomores held the cannon; but on the third rush they began to weaken, and on the fourth we drove them from their position, and the cannon was ours at last. It was a glorious victory for us and one which we would put to good advantage in the baseball game which was to come the following week. We celebrated '94's untimely departure by victorious cheers, such as they were. Some thoughtful soul secured a drum-corps, and we had a parade the like of which has never been seen in Princeton; and when finally we separated, we were "fully convinced that *we were the class* and that there were *none* like unto *us*, a conviction which, I am proud to say, has remained in our minds ever since."

The days passed slowly now, for the excitement of the rush had died away, and there was nothing to do except to take off our hats and get off the sidewalks for our superiors in the daytime, and at night play waiter at one of the various clubs, or make speeches to their delight and edification, or make love to the moon, or chase your shadow over some barb-wire fence! They were lovely days! So full of sunshine and bright prospects. Could we only have been home then, how changed they would have been! But the next Monday the class baseball games began, and these changed the monotonous proceedings, though even in a small degree, until Saturday, when our hopes and ambitions were changed in a very great degree. Our game with the Sophomores was the event of the day, and it was a day that was long remembered by us all—by the Sophomores, for they won a victory, and by us, who suffered a painful defeat. Our team was composed of:

ANDERSON	Pitcher.
BISSELL	Catcher.
OTTO	First base.
THOMPSON	Second base.
DILLY	Third base.
BROOKS	Short stop.
BLAIR	Left field.
PAYNE	Centre field.
REYNOLDS	Right field.

The game was a most exciting one; it was closely and fiercely fought. I will never forget—will you?—how those “Teddie Humph, Teddie Humph, Teddie Humphs” rang out from the bleachers every time Humphrey ran from the back stop to the plate. The game had progressed to the eighth inning, and we had the '94 team completely rattled—the score was 6—4 in their favor—when by a series of hits and stolen bases we got the bases full. Then Jake Otto came to the bat, and we all took courage,

believing that with his eagle eye, small brain, and massive arm, he could surely knock a "home run." No sooner had our hopes been raised than Jake hit the ball a terrific blow and sent it flying over Mackenzie's head; but, alas! that player made a phenomenal catch, and instead of us making four runs '94 made a triple play, and though you could still hear Chris Payne and "Porky" Brooks yelling from the side lines "Come in, Come in," yet they didn't come, and the game was lost. We didn't cheer very much as we came from the 'Varsity grounds that day, but kept our enthusiasm pent up for some future occasion.

The next event of interest in our college life was the issuing of the customary Freshman Procs. They were posted one night by the members of our class, but it did not take long until every Sophomore was up and tearing them down. Jimmy Blair, I believe, went with a crowd to the Junction, but upon seeing a shadow of one of his own men, threw the bucket, which he was carrying, into the air and started for Princeton at full speed. The next morning his suit was covered with something white and awfully sticky, and turning to his room-mate he said, "Why, Porky, how in the deuce did I ever get this paste all over my clothes?" We knew, if Jimmy didn't. The Procs. were put up and were the talk of the town for the next few days; but soon the commotion which they had caused died away, and the next thing on the programme was the cane-sprees.

There was the usual preliminary marching, the usual exchanging of compliments, and the singing of that old stand-by song of ours—

Oh! '95's the stuff, Oh! '95's the stuff;
Oh! '95's the stuff, the people say.
Oh! '95's the stuff, Oh! '95's the stuff;
Oh! '95's the stuff, the people say,

before the real event occurred. After doing up Nassau Street and the rest of the town we came on the campus by Twinkle

Young's observatory, past the gymnasium, and then formed in a semicircle directly in front of Witherspoon. The Sophomores then made their appearance and completed the circle. "Chubby" Lewis and "Reddy" Turner, the light-weight champions of '95 and '94 respectively, were the first to appear. After a short, hard struggle Turner's training began to tell on Chubby's weak and untrained system, and he wrested the cane from him and was carried away on the shoulders of his cheering classmates. Of course, the excuse for the defeat was that "Chub" had eaten a hearty dinner shortly before, not knowing that he was to take part in such an important event. His bay window was broken by one of Turner's feet landing there, which lost him his wind, and without that Chubby is thoroughly useless.

The middle-weight champions were then led into the arena. Goddess Luna, the charming *chaperon*, with her queenly *debütantes*, Venus, Saturn and the rest, watched from their lofty pinnacle. Eddie Munn got a shower of cheers from us, and Farnum got his share from the Sophomores. The spree was long and hotly contested; Jack McMasters watched with his eagle eye to see "fair play"—the first round was over and no one had the cane. A minute's rest, and again they started at it, Ed getting the advantage, but still not being able to secure the cane. The third round started and finished with the cane in Ed's hands, and he, on our shoulders, was carried off to Witherspoon, right through the ranks of '94. It has always seemed strange to me, but it is an actual fact, that just as we had him in the midst of '94's crowd he embraced the opportunity and fainted; and I noticed that it took a terrible lot of . . . water (of course) to bring him to.

Another cheer broke forth, and it ushered into the ring—for us Joe Polcar, for '94 a man by the name of Streit. It happened that Mars and Jupiter were in conversation that night, and astromomers tell us that thus Jupiter spake to Mars: "Ha!

Ha! Mars, the Freshman looks like Achilles, the son of Peleus, King of the Myrmidones. The other, methinks, resembles Hector, the son of Priam. 'Twill be a glorious battle; so come, war-loving Mars, let us go down to the walls of the city and view the battle from the top of Witherspoon, for again me thinketh that the Freshman can win the battle, and 'twill be a beautiful sight to see them carry off the spoils." So he spake; and together, swift flyers, they came down and watched the battle. It is hard to relate how Jupiter could so easily pick out the winner, but he did it to perfection, for thrice did Joe chase that man around the walls (not of Troy, but of our solid phalanx). They fought and struggled only for a few moments—our Achilles made one final lurch and—the Sophomore lay prone on the earth. Joe had the cane; we celebrated our victory, for we had won two out of the three contests, and Jupiter and Mars returned home, well paid for their evening's trip. The cane-sprees had taken place and we were the victors, with '94 once more "snowed under."

But if I were to go on in this way you might think, dear reader, that our Freshman year was a long series of fights with '94. On the contrary, it was a year marked by some very hard work. Our class as a whole worked harder then, I believe, than at any subsequent period. "We were delivered over to the tender mercies of Dr. Cameron," who taught us how to "*observe the accuracy of the Greeks*." We plunged into the depths of the "prince of Roman historians" under the guidance of "Livy" Wescott and read Livy with the aid of "Baby" Smith. But the greatest "snap" we had was—*was it?*—Mathematics. Do you remember how we went to Harry Fine for Algebra in the mornings—quaking, fearing and trembling, and to Horse's Thompson for Geometry in the afternoon? Oh! what glory! What unconfined bliss! Well, we went to Harry one morning as usual for Algebra, and were all given some examples in quadrate equations

to solve. Phil Walker got the example $7x^2 - 5 = 5x^2 - 13$, and when he came to explain it he tried to show Professor how the values of x could be both real and imaginary. This display of ignorance was too much for Prof., and Phil's attempt to show how much Mathematics he had brought with him from the Prep. School, was rewarded by that simple but nevertheless expressive sentence which we have all heard so often, "That's sufficient, sir; you may take your seat." And in Geometry "Knockers" Stone tried to distinguish himself by the brilliant flow of his eloquence and the nerve with which he tried to bluff Horse's into thinking that he knew something about the problems under discussion; but Geometry always remained a sealed book to Willie, and others of us found that Prof. was a hard man to bluff.

About this time came the divisional exams. There were many disappointed ones, who were "sure there must have been some funny business, or else they would have gotten first group." There were many also who missed second group by just $\frac{1}{100}$ of a unit, and still more who wound up in the fifth and sixth divisions, not to speak of that happy set of "pollers" which constituted the fourth.

There followed in quick succession the trials for the 'Varsity Glee Club, the Fall Handicap Games, the bulleting of "divisionals," and many other things; but you all know how they resulted, so they do not bear repetition. Suffice it to say that John Cowden Harding, Charlie Candee and Christy Payne made the Glee Club; Thacher, James, McNulty, Koehler and Walter Davis predominated on the track; and the first divisions in Classics and Mathematics consisted of:

Classics.—H. Bergen, Bissell, Bone, Bowman, Bradner, D. Brown, Butler, Carter, Cooke, Corwin, Crawford, Darby, Dechant, Frame, Harrison, Hartzler, Hatch, Huntington, Huston, Janvier, McNulty, Payne, Pease, Platt, Polcar, Urban, Wells.

Mathematics.—Anderson, Bissell, Bowman, D. Brown, Butler,

Carpenter, Carter, Cochran, Cooke, W. Davis, Dechant, Dunn, Ewing, Harrison, Hatch, Imbrie, Irvine, Janvier, Jessup, Koehler, Libby, Lord, Lukens, McNitt, McNulty, Payne, Seymour, Wadhams, Weeks, Wells.

Football now began to attract our attention. Our class contributed a large number of men to the 'Varsity squad, a larger number to the "scrub," and those who did not get on either, made up a rattling good team for the class. There was a class meeting, held in the old chapel, at which Mr. Edward Ely Scovill, of No. 640 Madison Avenue, New York City, was elected manager, and "Jesse" James temporary captain. So they got to work—Ed arranging games, Jesse picking his team; and I verily believe that if there ever was a howling fizzle, it consisted of this combination, or, rather, it consisted of Ed alone. Jesse got all the men out, viewed them with that searching eye of his, and then picked the team. As soon as he had done this he got them together for a meeting—for the election of a permanent captain. One of the fellows told me—and it is only modesty that prevents me mentioning his name—that Jesse addressed them in this wise: "I have selected you, fellows, as my assistants in helping to uphold the honor of our class on the football field. I can, of myself, do nothing; so, if elected permanent captain, I shall look to you for guidance and assistance. With such men as you, defeat is impossible,—and in victory you shall share the honor with me." It is needless to say that he was elected permanent captain, and his ambitions, for the time being, satisfied. I don't think Ed Scovill arranged more than two games; but Jesse, of himself, arranged a good schedule; and be it said to his credit, and to that of our Freshman team, that they upheld the honor of our class superbly, never once having suffered defeat; so that all the Freshmen classes since then have taken our team as a model, and have tried to pattern after it.

I would do great injustice to many men of The Class if I

failed to mention the services they gave and the wounds they received as members of the "Freshman Scrub"—"Hefflinger" at centre, "Kid Carroll" at quarter, "Mike" Furness on one end, Thacher on the other, and last, but not least, Noah Loder as one or both of the guards, according as he felt inclined.

Our Freshman team consisted of :

H. BROWN—TRENCHARD	Left end.
JOB REYNOLDS	Left tackle.
POLCAR—MCFARLAND	Left guard.
SANDOW BEVERIDGE	Centre.
POP PEASE	Right guard.
HUGH HODGE	Right tackle.
JOE BUNTING	Right end.
A. HODGE—MORSE	Quarter-back.
FULPER—MUNN	Left half-back.
CAPTAIN JAMES	Right half-back.
ANDERSON—COCHRAN	Full-back.

They played more games than any previous Freshman team had done. They behaved themselves exceptionally well; that is, did not get home-sick when away from College, and left behind them such good impressions and such grand victories that, I think, the games they played and the scores of each should be recorded. They are here given :

'95 <i>vs.</i> Princeton Preparatory School	18—0
'95 <i>vs.</i> Hill School	22—0
'95 <i>vs.</i> Lehigh '95	18—4
'95 <i>vs.</i> Princeton Preparatory School	28—0
'95 <i>vs.</i> Stephens' Institute Scrub	32—0
'95 <i>vs.</i> Lawrenceville	20—0
'95 <i>vs.</i> Columbia '95	32—0

Then came the football games of the 'Varsity with the University of Pennsylvania and Yale. Of the former we might talk long and loud, for we defeated her 24—0. But of the latter, the less said the better, for Yale wasn't satisfied with a couple of touchdowns; but McCormick kicked a beauty goal from the

field, which made the score 19—0. We came home—does some one say crestfallen? Oh, no! but thoroughly soaked, for it didn't do a thing that day but pour down rain, and thus added insult to injury. Our class was represented in these games, and in all the others, by "Beef" Wheeler, Gus Holly, Johnny Poe and Joe Flint—a mighty good showing for a Freshman class.

There was little of excitement after our return from the Yale game, so we polled hard and perfected our musical organization, which had been started by this time. "Pop" Pease had been elected leader of the Glee Club; and "Funny" Foulke, by some sort of strategy, "pulled" the leadership of the Banjo Club. Trials had been held, and everything was going on smoothly, when a great commotion was caused in the class by the discovery of a great soloist—vocal, you understand—Mr. Charles Hamilton. Nothing would do but that he must sing a solo on the club, so after much arguing—more coaxing, which pleased him immensely—he finally consented to try. So "Pop" went to Philadelphia, and thence to Boner's, to find a song that would suit Charlie's voice, but he returned thoroughly disheartened, for among all the songs and ditties which they had he could not find one that would suit such a voice as our wonderful soloist possessed; therefore there was much rejoicing when "Hamy" himself came to the rescue by saying that, "I have a song which I used to sing at home for all the girls." Of course he was asked to sing it, and what should it be but that old-time ballad, "The Prodigal Son."

I was present when he warbled, and if you had been there, dear reader, I verily believe you would have collapsed. "Pop" simply shouted, Tom Pierson almost had a fit, even "Pat" Murphy cracked a smile, but "Mother" Brady, the manager (who deserves only passing mention), said, "Oh it's so good! It's so good! He must sing it on the club," that Fred finally yielded and "Hamy" sang his solo. He really did much better than we

had expected, and only once did he lose his ally and that was at Kingston, the first concert, where he got his words so badly tangled that it busted up the Glee Club, though it never fazed Charlie's everlasting nerve.

In December we held another class meeting to elect a Washington's Birthday Orator and Debater. John Hamilton Thacher, of Kansas City, Mo., was elected Orator, and Dexter Mason Ferry Weeks (commonly known as "Fod"), of Webster, N. Y., Debater, and they represented us in grand style when the twenty-second of February came.

Christmas vacation was welcomed by us all, not because life here was such a torture and bore to us, not because it was made miserable by the Sophomores, nor because there was any better place than Princeton, but because we had worked so hard and had studied so faithfully during the term that we felt a rest would do us good. Besides, most of us had not seen our "pumpkins" since September, and this was an item worth considering. And so with this feeling of relief we left Princeton for the Christmas vacation of our Freshman year. Could I begin to tell the incidents that happened to us all during those few weeks, they would fill several good-sized books. Everybody brought some tale back with him, and everybody thought his own the best.

We returned after two weeks' rest, and it was just such one of these stories that almost got "Jake" Otto into some difficulty. We were having a "spread" on "Porky" Brooks the Saturday night after we got back, up in Jake's room, V, University Hall. The "spread" was disappearing rapidly and we had come to the tenth course, which consisted of "Cigarettes and Stories," when Jake voluntarily suggested the first one, and began by telling an experience he had had during the vacation, which was not up to the standard we had adopted—and I don't wish any one to criticise that standard. We demanded that he should stop, but he would not, so in self-defence we bombarded him with turkey bones, baked potatoes, or rather their leavings, and with every

conceivable remnant that we could find. From that day to this Jake has never ventured to tell another story, or any other of his many experiences.

In those days, and in those nights when things are "cold and dark and dreary," the high muck-a-muck, the good old sport, and the Edward's poller all get in their good work. Our Freshman year was no exception—"Gywad" Herrick and H. Lake Crawford came down off their society perch and got to business; "Perk," Phil Walker, "Tranian" and that awful tank, Jimmy Hayes, had Bob Anderson's closed, so the temptation would not be great and they would have a chance for burning their midnight oil; the "pollers" worked twice as hard, if not harder, and examinations were on. I do not believe any one in our class had the nerve to present his resignation to the Faculty at this time, but lots wished they had done so a little later. Most of us, however, got through all right, "batches" of us got a condition or two, but a matter like that "cuts no ice" when compared to being dropped. "Freddie" Wilson made several enemies—men who ought never have been conditioned received at least one or two, and they never saw such injustice—so they said. Poor Professors! If they took to heart all that students say, if they listened to the justice and injustice which they are claimed to have shown, and if they heeded the charges of partiality, what an awful life they would lead! But cheer up, Professors! All is not lost! We respect you and we like you, and whether you condition us or whether you do not, we admire you just the same.

The second term of Freshman year opened on Thursday, February 11, 1892. To some it seemed as though they were just beginning Freshman year; there were others who didn't feel that way at all, but who discovered that they had been here a little too long. Our class lost at this time about ten men, and if any new ones did enter they certainly did not compensate for the ones we lost. If a man gets through Freshman year he has

some license for living, for if he flunks after this he can drop back to the following class; but woe to the man who fails in February of this same year, for there is nothing for him to do but to go out into the "cold, cold world," and wait for a better season. So it happened that some few had to depart from among us—some of them came back and are now members of the class of '96, others never returned, yet they are remembered by us all, and in whatever walks of life we meet them we will always greet them with a hearty welcome and a good old handshake.

"The winter months at Princeton are the time when all the deviltry in the nature of the average student crops out"—and that's no lie. From the time examinations stopped, the Sophomores began to "raise Cain" in order to make a grand finish before Washington's Birthday arrived. The tower was painted and repainted by us, though I must confess that on our part this was rather a failure, for in the first place we did not know how to go about it, and in the second we ran decidedly short of paint; the town had been thoroughly coated with green '95s accompanied with delicate epithets and orange '94s; once again we had to remove our hats and vacate the sidewalks, and the climax was reached when '94's prayer was answered and the first snow of the season visited Princeton.

We had heard all about

"—, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,"

—what it looked like, what it was composed of, where it came from, and of the exact amount of time which one flake consumed in travelling from Mother Goose to the Earth; but we had lived in "snowy innocence" of the question—what snow felt like? Our lofty elms, snow-capped; our beautiful campus, snow-clad; and the daring little birds, snow-crowned, contrasted

grandly with us, snow-fed and snow-balled until we saw "snow" *crystallized*. In this way it did not take us long to find out what snow really felt like, for the moment we presented ourselves upon the campus we were received with a shower of snowballs which did credit to the Sophomore class. We could turn in no direction—but there was an armful of snowballs waiting the opportunity of being used. To be candid, we did not care to turn around; our business was to get on and off the campus, in and out of classes and to our rooms as best and as fast as we could. We stood this thing just as long as we could—then our peaceful natures revolted, we determined to assert our rights and to prove to '94 *who we were and where we were at*. So the snowball fight came off in earnest.

Had I the gift of poetry, which pervades so profusely the life and soul of Lady Nelson, Soc Huston, or Buck Masters, I would be able to describe that battle in lines which would go down to posterity with Homer's *Iliad* or Virgil's *Æneid*. Alas! I have not. Even my ambitious pen cannot trace in prose words that do justice to it. Accept this apology: It was winter. Spotless snow covered the ground. The dark, dim light of a January afternoon was shedding its rays across the front campus, or rather, the dim, dark rays of an afternoon's light in January were shedding—I don't know who was shedding. Anyway, it was afternoon. Shouts of battle smote the air. The wind blew keen and cold. The ether was crowded with a rich profusion of beautiful snowflakes, and snowballs. The battle was on. Men with slouch hats shot past the lampposts and into the darkness of battle; strong men rolled up their trousers—to keep them from getting in the way; the wine-list carried snow in buckets—thus rushing the "growler;" the brave exhorted the Proctors to keep away, but the timid bore the brunts on cheek and jawl. We drove from the campus those of the Sophomores who were able to move, we nursed the wounded and bleeding, and then we raised our banner on the flagpole of

"Victory!

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight."

John Poe, Beef, and Jess James had a photograph taken immediately after the battle—for what purpose I am sure I do not know—and as they went to this trouble and expense it seems to me that they ought to be recompensed for it in some way; so if some of you will just go over to Rose's I am sure you can buy all the pictures that you desire and thus keep fresh in your memory some of the objectionable things of Freshman year. Thanks to Johnny Degnan and Mat Goldie, snowballing was now a thing of the past, and we lived in peace once more.

The twenty-second of February arrived on schedule time—rather strange thing to do—so we decided to celebrate George's Birthday. We all liked George; he was a hale, open-hearted, well-met fellow, was his father's pride and our joy. He often got *three sheets in the wind*, he was very fond of yachting, and he knew a good thing when he saw it; but the two things he never did were that he never told a lie and never polled, and so we have always remembered our George by the former George. I believe it was George Gould who conceived the bright idea of hanging two characters, well known in Princeton's society, from the gallery of the gymnasium; so we started off the morning exercises by dangling these from the balcony:



I AM HARRY.



I AM FRANK.

which certainly had the desired effect. Then we distributed small cards through the audience, which ran as follows :

Venimus!	Vidimus!	Vicimus!
'94	'94	'94
Lost	Lost	Lost
Rush	Cane-spree	Snow-fight
To '94—		
Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin.		

And with this lesson to '94 we bid them "cheer up," for we promised not to hurt them any more and to forgive and forget all enmity with them.

At the morning exercises John Thacher completely covered himself with glory, and his oration on "Ormazd and Ahriman" was said to be the best by all right-minded men. In the afternoon's sports we took prizes in Beef putting the 16-lb. shot and in Johnny Poe winning the middle-weight wrestling, which he did too easy. Then in the evening Fod Weeks made his little speech; but a Freshman never gets a show at the '76 Prize Debates, and Fod was no exception. Not because he wasn't out-of-sight, nor *worse* than any of the other debaters, but simply because the judges make it a rule never to favor the Freshman;—there could be no other cause for our defeat, as you all well know.

Baseball now came in vogue. Practice had begun in the cage, and all the candidates went there daily to develop the material, a great deal of which was supposed to be hidden in our class; and this reminds me of the first day on which practice started, for thereby hangs a very "funny story." It was earnestly requested that all men who had ever played baseball at all should report at the cage and place themselves among the candidates. Accordingly Jake Otto, Chris Payne, Jimmy Blair, "Porky" Brooks, "Keg" Neill and Dan Platt made their appearance at the appointed hour. Captain Young told them to go to the

• dressing-room and change their clothes, which they readily did, after which they were ushered into the cage and began their baseball career by fielding grounders. Everything went lovely for a short time, but then a terrible mishap befell Dan. It happened that he had put on one of his old baseball suits, the trousers of which were extremely tight and apparently *very old*. A speedy grounder was sent to him, and as he stooped to field it there was a report like the firing of a cannon, and there he stood with his trousers ripped from top to bottom. He stood abashed. Tears fell from his eyes, and a figure such as any nymph might envy was displayed to view. Poor Dan! He was driven from the cage by the laughter and shouting, by the jeering and hooting, and by the guying and hissing of that unsympathetic multitude. He did not appear for practice next day, which caused the captain a great deal of trouble, as he thought Dan might be a star and wanted to give him full show.

No sooner had the excitement of this episode died away than another one followed. Just like thunderstorms in the spring, as one passes away another more severe follows, or like the coming of conditions—first one and then others—so things happened in the cage that afternoon. Well, after they had fielded grounders for a while they were told to line up and, at a given signal, to run to the *end* of the cage. So everybody lined up and waited for the signal. It was given in an instant; everybody started, and stopped when they got to the end, except Jake, Chris, Jim, Pork and Billy, who turned around and started back again. They arrived at the other end, only to turn again and do the same thing over. The onlookers couldn't imagine what was the matter; some thought they were having a game of "tag, you're it," others wondered if it was a six-days-go-as-hard-as-you-can, and others thought it the preliminary trials for the relay race in June. When the captain finally could control himself he ran out into the middle of the cage, waved his hands frantically in the

air and at the same time yelled, "Stop! stop! stop!"—and when at length he succeeded in stopping them, he asked what they were trying to do. Chris said he understood that they were to keep on running until told to stop; Jake thought the man would get on the team who had the best wind, for then he could run bases for the other fellows, and he wanted to show that they had just as good runners in Buffalo as they had in Titusville or Scranton; then the "Keg" put his face in it and said that they hadn't any such thing and that "I'll run yez for mon, any day." Neither "Porky" nor Jim uttered a word; Pork bit his fingers and looked at Jim; Jim rubbed his hands, looked at his feet, and then began to cry like the little schoolgirl who gets mad and takes her dolly home. Captain Young then explained to them that this was merely practice for starting and running bases and was not the trial for a two-mile run.

Easter vacation was welcomed right gladly by most of us; I say most of us, because there are some who live too far from Princeton to visit home during Easter holidays, and for these the few days of rest are rather an incumbrance, for they either have to remain here or loaf around the larger cities of the East, which, unless their pocket-books are filled, is not such a pleasant thing to do. Some few were invited to spend Easter vacation with friends, but Freshman year is a hard time to make acquaintances and have them last. However, these days soon passed away, and we came back to work and play baseball.

Our class team had been formed by this time, and with just about the same amount of nerve with which Jess James secured the captaincy of the football team so Rufus Choate went about baseball, and after being appointed temporary captain was soon afterwards made permanent. Rufus, though a fine player, did not make a very good captain, so he resigned in favor of Jake Otto, who didn't make the 'Varsity after all; in fact, the only two who did were Pork and Doggy Trenchard. Keg Neill didn't

even make the Freshman team, but he hoo-dooed Joe Flint—the manager—into letting him buy a suit; so Billy paid eight bones and a half and in this way got his '95 baseball uniform. You know we used to practice on an old diamond over in the west corner of the field, and every day Billy would put on his suit and then come out and bat grounders to the team, which was composed of—

HARRY SNYDER	} Pitchers.
JOHN VAN NORTWICK	
HANK BISSELL	Catcher.
JAKE OTTO	} First base.
POP PEASE	
RUFUS CHOATE	Second base.
BOBIN FRANCIS	Short stop.
GEORGIE GOULD	Third base.
JIM BLAIR	Left field.
CHRIS PAYNE	Centre field.
WALTER DAVIS	Right field.

Substitutes and Sluggers—KEG NEILL, FRED NORRIS, CHAPPIE BIDDLE, Others.

Manager—RUBY FLINT.

Scorer, boot and suit cleanser, and general sup.—J. WINDSOR DECKER.

The games they played and the scores of each are given below:

'95 vs. Princeton Prep.	10—3
'95 vs. Pennington	5—0
'95 vs. Pennington	8—2
'95 vs. Yale	1—2
'95 vs. Lawrenceville	1—4

The second term of our Freshman year was rapidly passing away, and right sorry we were to see it go. The saying has become proverbial in Princeton, and I verily believe it applied to 'Ninety-five, that the majority of a class do their hardest and most studious work during Freshman year. We have always been considered as a class which stood for work, honor and

obedience, and it was for this reason that our presence as a factor for good had already begun to be felt.

"So our first year closed. There are many reasons why it was one of the pleasantest years of our course. Novelty added greatly to the charm of everything which we did and saw. To be a collegian was in itself a most pleasing fact to contemplate. We were not—at least the majority of us were not—fully alive to our responsibilities, and then we were all fellow-travellers starting on our pilgrimage along the road of learning. Friendships were formed, many of which will last long after we have left these classic shades and walks for the scenes of active life. Many of us thought college a big joke, and we saw the world all dressed up in its holiday clothes. We took things just as they came, undisturbed by the fact that one day we would have to view everything from a physiological, psychological, metaphysical or ethical basis, as the case might demand. So, in blissful ignorance of the stern realities of life, we lived and talked and laughed and joked and sang, studied some and played a great deal. The sun seemed all the brighter because we did not know that it was 93,000,000 miles away, and our good deeds to others seemed all the better because we were not conscious of the fact that we were Altruistic Utilitarians and the doing of good was inevitable. We lived regardless of the laws of Physics, and spent our money totally ignoring the fundamental postulates of Political Economy; and still, notwithstanding all this, we delight to recall the memories" of those days when we were young and childlike.

Where, Oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, Oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, Oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?

Safe now in the Sophomore Class.
They've gone out from Horse's Thompson.
They've gone out from Horse's Thompson.
They've gone out from Horse's Thompson.
Safe now in the Sophomore Class.

CHAPTER II.

Sophomore Year.

SOPHOMORE YEAR opened brightly on Wednesday, September 21, 1892, and I need not say that the boys returned promptly in order to assert their new-born rights. In fact, we had been waiting all summer for the opening day of College, so anxious were we to get back and retrieve the wrongs of Freshman year. Lots of us came back before College opened—some because they wanted to have a real good time before they were put under the bans of restriction, and others because they had received some conditions in June and had been invited by the Faculty to return a trifle early and remove them before they began the active duties of another year. The rest of us got here the day College opened or a day or two late, and some didn't get back at all. Noah Loder went into the world of business, so did Funny Foulke and Buckie Hall; Puss Hammill and Mary Anderson dropped back to '96, and a few '94 men came back to us, knowing that they would have a much better time. John Poe was no longer with us—he had left the latter part of Freshman year, and now we heard from him as the coach of the University of Virginia football team. "Doggy" Dunlop, after having busted all the roulettes and spinning-wheels in this part of the country, had also taken his abode at that worthy institution and spent his time in driving four-in-hands and tandems and doing many other things of the same character. And so, with the remainder of our Freshman class, and with the addition of a few fresh Sopho-

mores, we started on the second year of our college course and advanced still further along the road of learning.

Webster says that the word Sophomore has generally been considered as an "American barbarism" and that it was probably introduced into this country, at a very early period, from the University of Cambridge, for at that university we find the word *Soph-Mor* as "the next distinctive appellation to Freshman." Other authorities claim that the word comes from the Greek words σοφός and μωρός, a Wise-Fool. And now, whether we were large and square sons of old Nassau, or American barbarians, or wise fools, you will have to judge. One thing I do know, and that is we were Sophomores through and through, from head to foot and from foot to head, and I have lots of evidence as proof of this statement. Why, there's Dick Brown. Dick's a queer fellow; he's one of those light-haired, pink-eyed, rabbit-faced devils who are always wanted where they are not, and not where they are wanted. Well, he and his mate Bissell came down from Exeter thinking that they were *most everybody*, for they happened to know all the Exeter fellows who went to Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. We soon "sized them up" for what they were, and though Biss soon got enough sense in his head to behave himself properly, Dick still thought he was the biggest man in the class.

Now it happened that with the Freshman class there came a few who needed some hazing, among whom was one Josh Billings—a nice boy and one fit to gaze upon. And with the beginning of our Sophomore year a *new Proctor* took charge of things, and the result was that the combination of Sophomores, Freshmen and new Proctor didn't work very well—and, need I say, not to our advantage.

Well, to return to the story I was trying to tell, Dick heard of this man Billings and wanted to go see him. So he got a crowd of fellows and probed over to Mrs. B's, on Dickinson

Street, and walked up to Josh's room. Things were going along smoothly and the boys were having a fine time—Josh was acting the fool to perfection and was obeying Dick's biddings, and the crowd was becoming very boisterous, when Mrs. B. heard the racket and thought things had better stop. So she sent for our new Proctor, who came rushing over to the house, so anxious was he to report the case. Up the steps he came, biff—bang—biff, making just about as much noise as Putnam must have made when he dashed down the hundred steps and escaped from the British forces. Those who had any sense at all knew that something was coming, and so jumped out of the window onto the roof of the porch and then slid down the posts to the ground; others hid under divans and in closets, but Dick and Billy Neill stood in the middle of the floor and welcomed him in. Perhaps some of you say that they were the only nervy ones of the crowd, and that the others were cowards and traitors; but let me say right here that it don't take much nerve to meet a Proctor, and the man who don't try to get out of his way is, as Ducky Teal would say, a "darn fool." The facts of the case are that Dick and Billy tried their hardest to get out, but the crowd got ahead of them and so they had to meet their fate. Those who had hidden in the room were also caught, and those who thought they had escaped were terribly fooled, for the next week the whole crowd received summons from the Faculty. When they made their appearance they were politely told that their presence would not be needed for a month or so, so they all took their departure. I was down at the depot—if we may call it such—when the train pulled out, and until the last car rounded the curve by the Brokaw Memorial Field you could hear sweet refrains coming back about our *new Proctor*.

College life went on just the same, and although we lost a couple of our prominent hazers others came forward and took their places. Perk became prominent for the brave way in which he

would tackle *one* Freshman, if he was backed by a good number of his crowd; Jim Blair for the way in which he would knock Freshmen off the sidewalk; and Brady, with his sardonic smile, for the way in which he would say, "Take off your hat, Freshman." But I believe the best hazer we had in the class was Ed Munn—I don't think. Ed had been told that he was to run for football treasurer, so every time he'd see anybody hazing, he would come trotting up with the remonstrance, "Don't do this, boys. Don't you know we aren't allowed to haze?" And then turning to the Freshman he'd lock arms and start off home with him, at the same time whispering, "That's all right, brother. They didn't mean to hurt you, and so don't cry any more. You can get home all right now, and you won't be bothered after this. My name is *Munn*, of East Orange, N. J. Good night to you, and don't forget who I am." That's about the way Ed hazed, though once or twice he forgot himself and did do some pretty good hazing. I remember one occasion, where Ed, Henk, Harny Koch and "Sport" Porter, together with a few others, got in their good work. A Freshman had refused to take off his hat at somebody's order, and consequently was "spotted." He happened to be a Texas boy, and didn't take much to that sort of thing, and though he had threatened to shoot six or eight of us, he had not as yet harmed any. So these fellows got a hold of him one night and took him down in Brown to a room where they had a bundle of shingles stored. Faile—for that was the Freshman's name—was thoroughly searched, and finding no firearms about his person, he was told to remove his coat and trousers. This he reluctantly did, and then they compelled him to get down on hands and knees and to crawl under a desk, which they had selected for their purpose, until his head rested against the wall. The desk was a flat-topped one and was very broad, so that it could easily hold four Sophomores at a time. The shingles were

gotten out, and the boys then arranged themselves on the desk, and as each man counted his number—1—2—3—4—they played a good old-fashioned game of "Hot-rump" with Faile. He didn't sit down for a few days after that, and he always remembered to take off his hat and to step off the sidewalk until the end of hazing time.

Class elections then took place, and we knew just about whom we wanted for these offices, a feeling quite different from the one we had a year ago. No man, unless he has passed through Freshman year, can realize what a wonderful change takes place when he comes to his Sophomore year. Though Princeton is just the same, and though things move on as usual, yet the transition from the "under dog" to the upper one makes the greatest possible change in the lives of most men. We had been able to judge during the year gone by who would make good leaders for Sophomore year, and we all arrived at the conclusion that Thomas G. Trenchard, of Church Hill, Md., would be our best leader; so "Doggy" was unanimously elected President; L. Frederic Pease, Vice-President; Arthur R. Teal, Secretary; and Theodore S. Huntington, Treasurer; and we learned to know during the year that we had made no mistake in choosing them. When "Doggy" was present he led us on to victory, and when he was compelled to be absent, Pop took his place, and Duck and Hunny both filled their positions as well as could be desired.

We had a "rush," or a feint, at one—the night after College opened; but it didn't amount to anything, as the Freshmen took to their heels, and so neither class won a victory. The class baseball game was won by us, 8—6, and so we soon found that the Freshman Class didn't amount to much, and knew that we would have an easy time. Things went along just the same; the worrying and annoying of the new Proctor, the hazing and guying of Freshmen, and the noise, the rattle and the bang of

us—the Sophomores—still continued. Up to this time we always had held the cane-spree in the night, but the Faculty now forbid this; so it was held on the afternoon of the Fall Handicap Games, and was thus made another factor in the production of money for the Track Association; but it made no difference to us, when or where the cane-spree took place, as far as winning it was concerned. Frank Reynolds was defeated by Turner, '96, in the light-weight spree; but Charlie Cochran defeated Hearn, '96, in the middle-weight, and Billy MacColl defeated Faile, '96, in the heavy-weight; so these gave us victory once again.

The Freshmen then tried to put out their proclamations; but before the paste had begun to dry on them they were torn down in Princeton and the surrounding country by squads of our class which had been despatched to every place. Our procs. were then put out, and no one dared to tear them down; so they remained posted for a long time, and were the topic of conversation of farmers, visitors and all those who did not know what they were.

It was about this time—that is, somewhere along the last of October—that Perk took it into his head to go to New York to see his father, who was on business there. He met him at the hotel, and Perk, as is befitting a son, told his papa of all the things he had been doing—of how hard he had been studying, of the studies he was taking, and, in his estimation, of the ones he thought were especially hard and those which were somewhat simpler.

Would that all of us were in Perk's position; that we could, at least, distinguish the difficult studies from the easier ones! Look at Howard Colby, who even has to go to Ollie Parker and pay him \$1.50 to pick out the "snaps" for him; gaze on Jimmy Hayes, as he stands in the corner of Kid Barton's room every night from 7.30 to 9.30 and recites the lesson, word for word, as

Barton dictates it; and then look at Mike Furness, who, since the Honor System has gone into effect, has been conditioned time and again. No wonder we praise Perk for his intellectual ability.

Well, they had dinner, and started down-town, Perk saying that he would go as far as Broadway and Twenty-third Street with his father; but there he would have to leave him, as he was going to see a couple of friends—a Mr. Koster and a Mr. Bial. Everything went lovely until they came to the corner of the above-named streets, and were just about to depart, when a *lady* came walking by. Of course, as is his custom, Perk paid no attention to her; but things were quite different on her part, for she recognized an old-time friend, and would not pass him by. So she “trotted” up to him most coquettishly, and, extending her daintily-gloved hand, said, laughing: “Why, hello Perk! I’m awfully glad to see you. When did you get here?” and then, pleadingly, “Why didn’t you write me you were coming?” At that moment you could have sold Perk for a two-cent piece, for he was completely undone and didn’t know what to do. He had left, however, that one redeeming feature of his, which has served him to good advantage on so many occasions, and, perhaps (who knows?), will help him just as much in many more; so to this he immediately resorted. He collected that whole bundle, bag, cartload of nerve,—common, every-day gall—which he possesses, and, turning to his father, in a happy, jovial manner, and showing total ignorance of his admirer, said: “Why, father, who’s your friend?” But Mr. Perkins didn’t take the joke that way, and Perk did not go to see his friends that night. His *bona fide* (?) esteemer was grievously offended, and, it is needless to say, at the same time, highly insulted; and Si came back to Princeton completely broken down, as a result of this shock and his father’s reprimand.

The trials for the 'Varsity Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs

were now held, and many of us tried again, and others for the first time, for these clubs—each as he was respectively fitted. Hardy Crawford, Pop Pease, Pat Murphy and John Garrett made the Glee Club; Walter Lord and Stanley McCormick the Banjo Club; and John Garrett, Stanley McCormick and Leigh Wyman the Mandolin Club. At the trials, however, there were some very funny episodes, and the oddest of all was the way in which Willie Stone affected the Glee Club judges. After asking him his name, address and the part for which he was trying, he was requested to run the scale, which he did very well. He was then given a piece to read at sight, and though he did fairly well at this, he struck too many false notes to guarantee him a place on the club. Their last question, however, tickled him to pieces. When asked if he had any special song which he wished to sing, he answered that he had quite a number of beautiful serenades, and that he would honor them with a few. So he began, and finished his first love song with his audience deeply moved; the second finished with his hearers in tears, and the third put them to sleep. At the second trials he favored them with a few more of his sweet lyrical lays; but there his musical career ended, for he went to the third trials without having received a postal card—and ever since then has been cussing the Glee Club.

November of our Sophomore year saw the football team down to hard work and steady practice, perfecting themselves for the championship games of the near future. Kid Andrews, in the Retrospect, says that November is "the month when excitement is at its highest *pitch*, and everyone is counting pennies and our chance for the championship." On the evening of the first there was a Republican mass meeting in the gymnasium which was addressed by prominent Republicans of New Jersey. The same evening there was held a Prohibition meeting, and my authority says that about one hundred men attended this (though I am

inclined to believe that he is inclined to exaggerate), and it was addressed by the Hon. E. P. Wheeler—kindly understand that this is not our “Beef.”

It happened that a crowd of fellows were down in Pat Murphy's room a few nights after this, and among the crowd was John Garrett and a few more of his learned companions. Pat was there, and Hunny, Willie Phillips, Teddy Otheman, and Bissell. You know as well as I do that when a crowd like that gathers together deep educational topics are always discussed. First they commented on Foster and Cavendish on Whist, which is Bissell's strong point; then of the Sherman Act, and of the advantages and disadvantages of the National Banking System, where Hunny shines forth; and then of Music, where Murphy, Otheman and Phillips are about on a par. The stronghold in the life and soul of John W. Garrett is Politics, and there never lived a stauncher Democrat than this same gentleman. At present he was brimful of this subject on account of the political meetings which had just been held, and was rejoicing over the great things which the Democratic Club had done, so he brought forth the subject of Politics. “Why,” said he, “look at the number of men that were at our meeting; look at the enthusiasm, and look at the fine speakers we had. There's Col. Breckenridge, the silver-tongued orator, who came all the way from Kentucky to speak to us. Now look at the Republicans—what did their meeting amount to? Only a few men present; no enthusiasm, no torchlight parade, no speakers that amount to anything. Just look over the list. There's a man named Kean; well, of course, as he's candidate for Governor you've heard of him. But the next speaker is a man named Murphy. Now, who ever heard of him? Say, Pat, is he any relation of yours?” Frank wrinkled his brows, twitched his lip, and with a pleasant (?) smile covering his face, said, “Why, yes. He's—my father.” John quietly said “Good-night,” and started

up home, at last convinced that he didn't know all about politics, even though he was a Democrat.

So things were going along, we mostly making friends in our own class, and enemies in the Freshman. Billy Baird, for some reason or other, had taken a decided fancy to Jim Blair, and one beautiful Saturday asked him to go home and spend Sunday with him. Of course, Jim was highly flattered—who wouldn't be? All his folks in Scranton must hear of this, and they'll be proud to know that their son spent Sunday with a loving class-mate. So mused Jimmy—not Jimmy Stenk. Billy Baird, do you know that it has been the greatest sorrow of our whole course that you have not invited us all to spend a Sunday with you? Why haven't you invited each and every one of us and given us, too, a chance to push the wrong button or pull the wrong lever, as Jimmy did that day? Oh, Jim! unless you change your course, unless you open your eyes and see, your ears and hear, and your mouth and ask, and unless you keep your hands off the wrong button, *etc.*, you will suffer many, many times before you have reached the limit of man's life and your head of beautiful raven hair has turned to locks of gray.

We all love our football men, and whenever they go to battle for Princeton they are always followed by good-sized, representative crowds. The day came for the game with the University of Pennsylvania, and accordingly the whole College went to Manheim, prepared to celebrate another victory. We got there in due time, put up all our money, and then began to watch the game. 'Twas lucky everybody had a return-trip ticket or I don't know what they would have done, for we didn't win the game that day, and if you had read the *Philadelphia Press* of the following day you would have found out just how they defeated us. For the first time in the football history of the two universities, and for the first time out of twenty-nine games played, had the University of Pennsylvania won from us. Of

course, we were sore, and could hardly realize that at last we were not invincible, as far as minor colleges were concerned. We came back, determined to do better in the Yale game, and we held mass meetings which were addressed by prominent alumni. We were told how they did things back in the '60s, '70s and '80s, and how we must brace up and do likewise. This prepared us for the Yale game, which came in the near future, and then we went to New York on Thanksgiving Day to see this. I remember the game—don't you? Let's see; there was Ed Munn running around like a wild man, sticking his finger in everybody's face, and crying at the top of his voice, "Haben Sie Schmitz gesehen?" Then it was at this game also that Billy Neill fell off the coach—wasn't it? And "who swiped all the luncheon?" Yale again defeated us, 12—0, and you know the story better than I can tell you. Those of us who went on coaches received greetings from the rabble along the curbstone, as we came back, in the shape of stones, large and square chunks of mud, and things similar.

We came home thoroughly disheartened and very much poorer than when we left, not to speak of the general sourball which we all had. However, we began painting the town with "We will beat Yale in '93," and, to divert our minds from the sorrow of the past few weeks, began hazing again. We had Freshmen wait on us at our various clubs; we had a Yale-Harvard boat-race with Freshmen, washbowls and toothpicks; we had speeches for and against the merits of our class, and though compelled to, whenever a Freshman did mention a demerit, he was handled quite roughly by some of us; and we had prize-fights and wrestling matches. Then we would get some Freshmen up in Walter Lord's room, and, taking them one by one, we would show them the moon through the sleeve of a mackintosh—only to receive a pitcher of water full in the face. Then when we got tired of all other things, we would sit down and dictate letters and cer-

tificates to them; and this reminds me of the night Schumy, Kid Carroll, Sport Porter, Jim Hayes, and Noah Loder went along University Place trying to find a nice, meek Freshman who would write a letter for them. Finally they found a piece of verdancy that just suited; so they sat down and began jollying him, and after some time asked him if he wouldn't write a letter for them to his father. He mildly protested, saying that he had just written a letter home and consequently had nothing to say. "Oh, we'll tell you what to say; so get out your pen and paper, and the sooner the better," said Kid. According to his instructions, pen and paper were brought forth, and the letter he wrote home ran something like this:

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 27, 1892.

MY DEAR FATHER:—

I am a — fool. I have entered College with the rankest lot of fellows that ever came to Princeton. Really, my class contains the biggest fruits I have ever met, and I am one of them—so are you, old chap—while the Sophomore class contains the finest fellows I have ever seen. I went to chapel twice to-day and to class prayer-meeting this evening, but to-morrow night I'm going in a big poker game with a lot of Sophomores, and then they're going to take me down to Scudder's in the evening. Now, old fellow, I know you wish you were here to join me in these festivities, and I'm sorry that you can't be; but I know you're doing the same at home as I am here, so cheer up, cherries are ripe.

Some smooth fellows have just come in and want me to get in a *game*—fifty-cent limit—with them, and I guess I'll sight them, even though this is Sunday evening; so here I go, governor—head up and tail over the dashboard—just as I know you'd have me do.

Your loving son,

HARRY.

Schumy took the letter and mailed it that evening, but we have never heard the results of this epistle by our self-disparaging Freshman.

It was with deep sorrow that the alumni and undergraduates of Princeton learned of the death of our old Proctor—Matthew

Goldie—on November 25th. "Mat" was popular with everybody—Sophomores as well as Seniors—and though he did his duty faithfully and honestly on the part of the Faculty, he also did it squarely and fairly on the part of the students. Never once did he show partiality, and it was this one quality more than anything else which won for him such universal popularity.

Professor West, in his article, "The Spirit and Ideals of Princeton," says: "The spirit of student life in Princeton is first, last, and all the time, democratic," and to the truth of this statement, as regards our class, I place myself a ready voucher. Popular government never was more thoroughly administered than when our class took charge of affairs, and this was, naturally, in our Sophomore year. It was then that we became *ἀριστοί*, and ever since then have we exercised our authority and meted out justice as we have seen fit. It was this one fact—the fact that our presence was needed everywhere—that caused so many of us to be present at the Firemen's Fair, which was held in engine house No. 3, on Chambers Street, during this week. Lots of us went there, but the man who figured most conspicuously was James Blair, Jr. Though I have spoken of Jim before, I have not yet told you anything about him which concerns our opposite sex; so let me inform you, patient peruser, that he is a regular winner with the girls. It was at this fair, then, that Jim took the initiative in society; for he met one of Princeton's most beautiful, most stylish, and most graceful damsels—Miss B——. "A confession is always good for the soul," so I must admit that the writer was present that evening, met the same lady, and was talking to her when Jim was introduced. He immediately began to get in his good work; he took her to the flower stand and bought a "batch" of violets for her; then she must have some candy, because "I know girls love candy;" then nothing would do but they must have some ice-cream. So they went up into the parlor and had ice-cream, etc.,

and when they came down they were joined by a few of us, who—may I take the credit?—were not quite so easy, and we, too, joined in the fun. As I have said, this was Jim's first experience in society, and as a man's first experience always tells on his emotions, it did on Jim. The moment came when he could restrain his feelings no longer, and he burst out in rapturous bliss, "Oh, if you will only call me 'Jimmy,' I will call you 'Marie.'" — — — The next day he sent her a large bouquet of Jacque roses, and with it this sweet note, penned with his own hand (how touching !):

These roses are red,
The violets were blue,
Sugar is sweet
And so are you.

Fondly,

Your JIMMY.

I have been told that when love comes into a man's life it always tells on his æsthetic nature. At all events, it did on Jim's, and so classical did he become that in relating the incident to some of the fellows he said, "Boys, 'Jacta est alea,' and I think I've won." We all hope you have, Jimmy, and we trust that such may always be your lot.

Our Sophomore year was not entirely devoted to hazing, taking trips to New York, discussing politics, nor going to fairs; but with it we did some good, honest, conscientious work. We had left Prof. Cameron minus a hat; we had learnt all the Roman history that we gather from Mommsen, and we had thoroughly mastered Algebra and Geometry. Now we had advanced along the straight and narrow road, and were as if on the train for Athens—Sister Orris, conductor.

When did you arrive in the city? *Σήμεραρον.*

From America? *'Αφικόμην.*

How far is the University of Princeton from New York?
'Απέχει τῆς Νέας Ὑορκῆς τεσσαράκοντα πέντα μίλια.

We learned to master the Greek language as well as had Demosthenes and Plato, and we could read the Greek Testament with as much ease and efflux as Sister himself does when he conducts morning chapel. We read *Terence* with "Andy" West and *Cicero de Officiis* with Prof. Packard and Dr. Humphreys as if they were so much English, until at the close of the season these Professors were compelled to admit that our class was the best one in Latin literature they had ever been associated with, and they hoped that we would show our ability in different studies as "you advance along your college course, and with that wish, gentlemen, this course is concluded." Then we form outside the door and give them a cheer, and the next duty we have with that Professor is the examination. The "Scientifics," those tender boys who can't stand too much work—though they get a good deal more than we do, I must admit—were guided as a shepherd guides his sheep by "Baby" Rockwood, who taught them many things about the science of Large and Square which they didn't know before, and don't know now, though you can't always sometimes tell. On Saturdays we went to "Pat" for "that part of natural history which treats of the classification, structure, habits and habitations of animals"—Zoology—"these little fellows, now those big fellows, him and she, etc."; and for Botany, "that science which treats of the structure of plants, the functions of their parts, their places of growth, their classification, and the terms which are employed in their description and denomination"—"these'ns and them'ns." And on these same days we went to "Bunny" McCay for chemistry, merely to find out what "funny" odors can be made by the combination of a few acids. In all of these there was some excitement, some interest and some pleasure; but the greatest fun of all, alike for poller and sport, Gospel-shark and heathen, football player and baseball fiend, the track-enthusiast or a member of the gymnasium team, one of the gun-club, or the debating society, was

the games we had with Tutor McGowan, commonly and popularly called McGoogan. As truly as the hayseed who visits New York, walks along Broadway with eyes and fingers pointed to the skies and asks of the well-informed policeman how they hang those houses "up thar in the sky," so surely did McGoogan come to Princeton with a great big green spot under his eye, bag and umbrella in one hand, and a pitchfork in the other. I don't know whether we drove him from this seat of learning, or whether the Faculty complained of *his* using too much chalk; at all events, I do know that he did not waste it all, for whether he presented the back or the profile view of his physiognomy to us, bang—biff—biff—bang would resound either from it or from the blackboard in close proximity. He did not remain here long, for the complaint was that we couldn't learn anything from him, and yet, poor McGoogan! he tried his hardest to do the right thing by us, and I do not doubt but that he would have succeeded if only we would have left him.

So our studies ran. We had plied undaunted against the wind and tide; Doggy had swung the rudder for a distant shore, and with sailors who obeyed their orders and stood by their commander, he had brought us safely to the harbor of Christmas vacation, and now landed us. Are not our vacations earned? Do we not deserve them? Tell me, is it not the law of nature to give rest and respite to a man who has worked faithfully, thoughtfully, and honestly, for a reasonable length of time? I hold that it is, and maintain that this is the reason why we have had such pleasant vacations throughout our course, and for the sanction of this statement I beg the vote of the class.

Christmas vacation passed immediately—if not sooner—and we all came back after a delightful rest, leaving behind society, girls, home and other minor things, and entered once more upon the field of thoughtful activity; and this was all the more appalling when we considered that examinations were only three weeks

distant. The Glee Club men had returned from their trip, which they pronounced a grand success. They took in most of the important cities of the West, as far as Omaha, where they do tell funny stories about Walter Lord ; and then they went North to Minneapolis and St. Paul, where even Stanley McCormick swears that the thermometer registered forty or forty-five degrees below zero. Of course, we, innocent people, believe all this, and we also believe that Walter should not have talked as he did to the doctor's wife. You should have remembered, Walter, that she was a married lady, and, as such, you had no right to propose to her. She accepted him—but just at that moment the doctor came in, which made things quite unpleasant for the little lad who dallies with the ladies.

I have just said that we left behind society, and that word reminds me of "Society" Fleming. As you all know, Christmas time is the height of the social season in all large—yea, in even all the small—cities of this country. Hardly a day passes during this vacation but that there are luncheons, teas, dinners, receptions and dances from morning until night, and I would not do justice to the city of Washington if I failed to note that she is one of the leading social centres of the United States. The pedestrian on Connecticut Avenue, on a Sunday morning after church, or on *The Avenue* on week-days, sees as beautiful, as stylish and as well-dressed women as the New York swell who treads Fifth Avenue, or Broadway.

Ralston Fleming is one of the centre figures of Washington's society, and thus it was that we learned of a little experience which happened to him during this vacation. "Poller" had asked a beautiful damsel to accompany him to one of the largest balls of the season, and the invitation was readily accepted. The eventful day soon arrived, and the afternoon brought to her house a beautiful bouquet of roses, and, accompanying it, the card of

Mr. J. Ralston Fleming

At the appointed hour in the evening a brougham drove up to the lady's house, from which Ralston alighted, and finding his companion ready—which, with apologies to womanhood, is a rare occurrence—they were driven to the ball. They had a lovely time, and, “after the ball was over,” came down stairs to return home. It was a horrible night—the rain came down in torrents, and those whom Fortune has blessed were thanking the dame that they did not have to go out on such a night. Ralston left his companion in the hallway while he went for the carriage. He walked up to the footman and, laying a half-dollar in his hand, gave him his check and told him to call the carriage. A half-dollar goes a great way sometimes, and immediately the number was shouted, “54—54;” and from down the distant line of coaches you could hear the faint reply: “Sh-coming, sh-coming.” At length *it* arrived before the door, our friends entered and Ralston gave the order, “Go ahead, driver, No. — — Avenue.” They started, and had been moving quite some time when Ralston, who had been much occupied with deeper subjects, noticed that they had not progressed very far. He could not imagine what was the matter, for they were going—but going round and round in a circle. “Society” opened the door and, calling to the driver, ordered that he should “drive on” immediately, but there was no answer, and Ralston noticed that his head was dropping, and that the reins were dangling ’round his feet, and then climbing out found that he had on board a drunken coachman who was sound asleep. The question was: What to do and how to do it? It was raining hard, and “Poller” had on a new high hat—his Christmas present. There are two versions as to what he did, and as he will not tell me which is the correct one, I give

them both to you. Some say that he took the coachman in his arms, and, removing him from the box, tenderly laid him on the seat of the brougham opposite the one already occupied, and that then Ralston took charge of the team and drove home; while others, and these are in the majority, say that "Poller" mounted the box, and holding the coachman on with one hand he drove with the other until he arrived at the lady's home, and then leaving her to get out of the carriage and into the house the best way she could—for he could not now let go his burden, else it would fall to the ground—he then drove the drunken coachman home, swearing vengeance from the bottom of his soul, for his high hat had been ruined and all the girls would have the laugh on him. But I hear that it has all blown over now, and that Ralston is the same *dear thing* to all the Washington girls.

I have digressed quite far from my subject, dear reader, but I know it will be pardoned; for, as all great speakers, in order to hold and retain the attention of an audience, must relate incidents and narratives, so I claim the same for all *great* writers. But now I will tell you something of what we did here in College, and the most important thing of all was the unanimous election, on January 17th, of Thomas G. Trenchard as Captain of the Varsity Football Team for the following year.

The storm of indignation at the result of the chess-team had died away and was completely forgotten; but another storm more threatening, more dangerous and more alarming, was brewing in the printing office, and it burst upon us with a terrible force on January 27th, and lasted until February 8th—examinations were here. For thirteen days these lasted, and for thirteen days we "crammed" all we could get into our heads which had not been put there during the term. Two things showed themselves at these examinations—first, we discovered the presence of a man who entered with us as a fresh Sophomore. He made no impression when he came, for he was awkward, homely and

slouchy. He was somewhat of a football player; he played some baseball, also tennis; but he didn't amount to much, and so attracted little attention. In the class-room he always knew his lessons; he seemed especially good at mathematics, and not any worse in the classical studies. But these examinations showed exactly what he was made of, and the new Sophomore stood among the first division men. Boys, I refer to the man to whom every one of us should point our finger and say with pride, "That is Dougal Ward." The second was the grand success which crowned the Honor System, now tried for the first time. It met with universal approval, with almost entire satisfaction, and it gave those men who deserve the highest standing, their place of honor without the opposition of "cribs" and "dummies" which had previously been used. There was lots of discussion as to whether a man ought or ought not to report a fellow if he found him cheating; and it was just this subject that caused a hot controversy between Harry Brown and Phil Walker, in which Phil rose to the height of his eloquence, when, with a majestic swing of his right arm, he declared that "if any man ever reported me I would shoot him deader than a dog." However, no person has ever had the occasion to report Philip G. to *The Court*, and so he has never had the opportunity of doing such a rash act. And, fellow classmates, I consider it an honor to be able to write on the pages of this History that there has only been one man in our class expelled for the crime of cheating in examinations since the Honor System has been in effect.

Now that examinations were over, most of us took a trip to New York or Philadelphia, just for a little jaunt, to see some good play and to get a little variety. Dan Platt, who lives at Englewood, thought he would do the polite thing, so he asked Jack Frame to go home and spend a few days with him, which pleased Jack so thoroughly that he blurted out the curt reply,

"By thunder! I'll sight you." Naturally, this grated on Dan's refined nature—with no reference to Jack's—and he admonished him to be careful what he said and did lest he make some break and shock Englewood society, in which Dan plays a conspicuous part. But Jack remarked that he need have no fear, and that everything would be well; so they started for Englewood, and arrived there safely. The next day a tea was given, and Dan being invited, took his friend Mr. Frame with him, as the hostess having learned that Dan had a friend visiting him, requested his presence also. Jack met a batch of girls, and, picking out the one he most desired, began his love-making process with her and suggested that they go out in the dining-room and have some refreshments. Now the tea was only an informal one, and as such the guests did not repair to a dressing-room to leave their wraps, but simply carried them in their hands. And thus it happened that Jack had his hat in his left hand, and, after he had served his lady, his cup of chocolate in his right. They were standing in a corner, talking on all sorts of subjects, when suddenly Jack spied a beautiful girl across the room, flirting—actually flirting with him, and, strange to say, he returned the salutation. Their exchange of greetings was kept up for quite some time, and though he tried to converse with his "first choice," his sentences were short, his conversation rambled and he seemed flurried and excited, as though he had committed some awful deed and was about to be discovered. Again he fell into a reverie, but from this he was soon called back by the sudden jump of his companion, clutching him nervously by the arm and crying, "Oh! Mr. Frame; what's the matter? Why, you've poured your chocolate into your hat!" And this he had really done during the excitement; and as he stood there it dripped through the air-holes in the crown of the derby on to the floor, which caused him none the less embarrassment. Poor Jack! he felt for his heart and luckily found it still beating,

and then murmuring a half audible adieu, he left Englewood, declaring that it contained the most beautiful women he had ever seen outside of Troy, N. Y., the place of his birth and rearing. Since then Jack has occasionally visited this little New Jersey town, but his visits have not been nearly so frequent as we have reason to believe they would otherwise have been.

Washington's Birthday soon arrived, and was again to witness the general horse-play of previous years. Two nights before this, Joe Polcar, Summers, Kellermann, McColl, Barton, and one or two others, painted the water-tower, and they deserve lots of credit for the way in which they did it. The ladder was covered with snow and ice as far as it extended, which is to within about six feet of the top of the tower. A short ladder was stolen from University Hall, and by means of iron hooks this was hung from the top, which made the connecting link between the broken ladder and the platform of the tower. They then carried up their paint, rope, etc., and adjusting the rope on Barton and tying two buckets of paint to his waist—one containing green, the other orange paint—they lowered him thirty feet. Here he hung until he had painted in large and square figures an orange '95 and in small and obtuse ones a green '96. Their work was finished by daylight, and as the cocks crowed they wended their way home, satisfied with their hard night's work. We guarded the tower the next night with the regularity of a military body; for we had "reliefs" and "pickets" stationed at equal distances apart, and a new relief on every two hours.

The night of the twenty-first started in with a snowstorm, beginning at about six o'clock in the evening; later this turned to hail, and by three in the morning it was raining hard. I honestly believe that that night saw our entire class on the campus, with the possible exception of probably ten men, and these for some other reason than that they did not want to be there. Mackintoshes, rubber hats, rubber boots, a dark lantern

strapped around the waist and a good club in the hand, and you have the picture of all of us as we guarded the campus, the buildings, the streets and the tower on that eventful night. We broke into the Scientific building and went from the cellar to the top of the tower, and if we found a door locked it had to yield to the blows we gave it, for we were determined that no banners should go out from there. On to Dickinson Hall we went; this also was broken into, and from the engine room in the cellar to Examination Hall on the top, not a room was missed, not a closet left unopened, nor a desk upturned, for in Freshman year our banners had gone out from this same place, and we were not to be fooled at our own game. We took in Witherspoon and carefully examined the tower; we watched old North with all possible care; we investigated all the other dormitories to see that they were all in good order; and we even watched the Chapel, the Philadelphian Society and the Art Building, though these latter with not the precaution of the former. Those who were on the town beat took up their headquarters at Carpenter's and encompassed the town from there; and those who were stationed at the Seminary and Tower took charge of things out there. I was sent by General Trenchard to carry a message to the commander of the sixth division—Captain Summers—which was then lying out Stockton Street, near Guernsey Hall; and upon approaching them I found the whole division collected around two wagons which they had held up at the point of revolvers and going through the contents of these. They happened to be two Jews, with their wagons full of china, bound for Trenton, so they were escorted through the picket lines and allowed to proceed in safety.

Such caution did we take and such care did we exercise that night that it has yet always been a mystery to me how the Freshmen got out the only one banner which they did, from the Art building. About seven o'clock in the morning the clouds

broke, the sun rose slowly from below the eastern horizon and a beautiful day lay before us. The wind which was the cause of this clear weather followed, coming directly from the north and blowing at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, and it was this wind which caused us to see the banner, which on account of having been covered with snow and soaked with rain, and moreover, there being a lack of wind—for these reasons, I say, the banner could not flutter. It took us just about a half hour to get a sufficient number of ladders which, when tied together, would reach the top of the building, and as soon as these were joined together and raised, Doggy went to the top and brought it down, in about the same length of time that it takes to tell it. No man in the class of '96 has ever yet been able to tell how the banner got there, and so we have conclusive (?) proof that it was done by the class of '94, who put it there at sundown on the previous evening. We then started for the "Gym," where great fun was in store for us.

Well, we got there all right and began business immediately. If the Freshmen attempted to raise a banner we tore it down forthwith. We asked them about the water tower, showed them the banner we had taken from the Art Building and then distributed circulars describing the Museum. It was a little pamphlet and was headed in the following way:

'96
TO THE UNINFORMED
'96
SPEAKING OF MUSEUMS!

**The attention of the uninformed public is invited
to the recent additions to our collections which
are daily fed in the basement of Old North.**

Then the cards which we distributed, or rather which we sailed across the Gym., ran like this :

'96

**Do You Think You'd Like Another Rush ?
HOW ABOUT THE CANE-SPREE ?
OR PERCHANCE THE BASEBALL ?**

And with these timely compliments we ended our hostilities with the Class of Ninety-six.

"Poller" Ross was our Orator, and if I am a judge of orators and their orations, he and his oration, "The Puritan of our Revolution," were the best of the morning. Our Debater was W. D. Ward, who held his own in the evening's debate, and so represented us finely.

Now that all the gayety and excitement were over, we had nothing to do ; no Freshmen with which to amuse ourselves, no tower to paint, no proclamations to issue or prevent others from issuing theirs, no orators to address us, no waiters to serve us at our clubs—none of these things were left to us, so you cannot blame us for being at a loss as to what to do, when previously our time had been so thoroughly occupied. Those of us who "caught" conditions had now at least something to do, and made this an excuse for getting those conditions, saying that "we knew time would hang heavy on our shoulders if we had nothing

to do, and as we saw the dull season coming thought we would take a condition or two merely to keep ourselves occupied." Perhaps this is a very philosophical way of looking at things, but surely it is not the right way, for the evils of one day are sufficient to demand one's entire attention and should not be put off until some future time. Here endeth the lesson.

The first of March witnessed some of our class pushing around trying to do the elegant for Eddie Munn, others for Joe Bunting, and still others for Jesse James. The next day Ed was elected Assistant Manager of the football team. It was on this day and also on the following that many of us left Princeton *en route* for Washington to see the inauguration of President Cleveland.

Our class was very fortunate in being in college, and especially in being Sophomores, when a President of the United States was inaugurated into office. Whether our forefathers, way back in the eighteenth century, reckoned ahead and set the date of the inauguration so that one would occur when the class of Ninety-five in Princeton were Sophomores, or whether it was merely a matter of chance that it did so happen, we have never been able to tell; it made no odds. So as Sophomores, "*gay*, young Sophomores," we went to join in the festivities. Now it happened that the trains going to the Capital were all well filled and seats were at a premium. However, Jim Crawford, Cherub Wells and Fod Weeks boarded a train at the Junction, and finding only three vacant seats proceeded to occupy these. Jim got a seat alongside of an elderly lady in the rear of the coach, Cherub got one in the middle with a middle-aged man, and directly in front of him sat Fod, nestling close to a sweet maiden of perhaps twenty summers. By the time they had reached Philadelphia she asked Fod if it would be too much trouble to get her a glass of water, whereupon he took advantage and began talking to her. At Baltimore she wanted some

"Adam's Pepsin," but didn't give Fod the money with which to buy it. Now Cherub and Jim had noticed the friendship which had sprung up between D. M. F. and "his comrade by his side," and fearing that he would not take advantage of his opportunities, Cherub thus advised him: "Now, Fod, you have game alongside of you, and you want to work it. After we leave Baltimore we pass through a lot of tunnels, and just before we come to Washington we pass through one three miles long, where they never light the lights and where you can have all the game you want." "Right," said Fod; "I'll do that same." The truth of the whole matter is that the tunnel to which Cherub referred is a very short one, as consequences afterwards showed. They expected some fun; nor were they disappointed, for as soon as the train entered this tunnel the boy started in earnest to have the fun which he had been coaxing for all the way down. Darkness reigned supreme; not a sound came from that occupied seat. The travellers now saw streaks of daylight and could notice the steam and moisture clinging to the roof of the tunnel; but Fod had closed his eyes in bliss. A minute had not yet passed, but now the train bolted into broad daylight, and a shock was sent through every occupant of that coach by the sight they saw: Two seconds later the travellers were in convulsions; only one hung his head, while this one's companion sat with head erect and laughed with all the people; then she pointed her finger at him, and Fod wept copious tears. When they got to Washington he called Cherub all sorts of names, and wanted to know "how long that blamed tunnel really was."

It really is strange what an effect an inauguration will have on a person. It seems to make you lively for a while; then you get mad and want to fight; then you go to sleep on a curbstone, get *soaking*—wet, and then wake up and don't remember a thing that you did. A funny feeling, isn't it? Well, Phil Walker,



Ed Scovill, Funny Foulke, and Tranian Dilly struck Washington when it was pouring down rain, and, as they were chilled through and through, they hunted for a little "*fire*" with which to warm themselves. Then they went out to watch the parade, but before doing so they all put some more "*fire*" in their pockets in case they should get cold again—thoughtful young fellows. The procession began to move, and presently Phil, who was watching for the National Guard of West Virginia, grew tired, so he sat down on the curbstone to rest, and was soon fast asleep. Before long he was awakened by some one pulling his hair; but this didn't worry him, as all he could say was, "Wash goin' by?" and upon being told that the National Guard of Pennsylvania was passing by, he again fell off to sleep. This *thing* repeated itself three or four times, when suddenly he sprang to his feet, crying: "I's hear the Charleston band;" and sure enough, the West Virginia boys were coming down the Avenue. Immediately he got together the rest of the fellows, and placing themselves at the head of the Charleston band, they marched past the reviewing stand, skipping from side to side, waving hats and canes most frantically in the air, and shouting at the top of their voices: "Hello, Grow, old boy! Glad t'shee you. How-ye-do? How-ye-do? Ra!" They arrived back here several days afterwards, and reported that they had had a fine time, had met lots of friends, saw the President and had even conversed with him in public, which had always been the height of Ed Scovill's ambition.

Easter vacation was now soon upon us, and again we took a few days' rest. I believe a few days' rest is more harmful to a man's welfare than a vacation of, at least, a week or ten days; for as we get accustomed to steady, constant work and are running, as it were, at full speed—so I maintain that it is better to stop the engine gradually and then "oil up" before starting out again, rather than to stop suddenly and then proceed on the

journey without having had time to lubricate. Oh, Faculty! Wise and honored sirs! Our learned and esteemed Instructors! Do not close your ears to our enticing music, but listen and grant—grant us longer Easter vacations! Better work will follow, and there will be rejoicing in the Tiger's lair. Blessings will be upon your heads, and you can wear crowns of glory for many years.

Through the influence of Arthur Dunn, Mother Brady, Harny Koch, Doggy Trenchard, and Billy Belden a mass meeting of the College was held shortly after Easter recess was over. At this meeting these learned gentlemen told of how they had been talking with all the prominent men of this country, of how Mother had heard from the President, and how even Harny had received a letter from Bill Hohenzollern concerning the subject of hazing. Doggy made a fine speech, noting the facts, first, that now we were Sophomores; secondly, that we were almost through our Sophomore year; thirdly, that next year we would be Juniors, and, fourthly, "then what?" These remarks, although they showed much forethought and considerable reasoning, did not convey to the minds of his hearers anything from which they could judge what he was trying to talk about. However, Hunny immediately arose—at this point Willie Phillips was heard to cry out, "See that fellow; I know him; his name's Huntington, and I'm one of his best friends!"—and said that the meeting had been called to consider the matter of hazing, rushing, and of having a snowball fight, whereupon some one jumped up and made this motion—"That we, the undergraduates of Princeton in mass meeting assembled, do now and henceforth abolish the rush, the snowball fight and all manner of hazing." In view of the fact that we were almost Juniors, and that all the Freshmen stayed away, having heard of what the meeting was called for, the motion was passed, and so we thought hazing was over and that we had been the *last* class to oust this time-honored (?) custom. But the next year I noticed some of our men trying to get up a

rush and encouraging hazing; and this rekindled it, so that hazing was again the pastime for Sophomores.

The Glee Club now took a short trip to Scranton and Harrisburg, the chief mining village and the capital, respectively, of Pennsylvania, the State which sent more to Princeton with our class than any other State in the Union. Doc Love went along on this trip, merely to get an idea of what a Glee Club trip was like, and I believe it was in Harrisburg that he met a Miss — whom, with much hesitancy, he acknowledged to be a match for him. They were talking on all sorts of subjects—the causes of eclipses, the saxafragional bone of mammals, the distance from the earth to the Inferno, how travelled and computed, and on other similarly grave subjects. Then they turned to topics of a lighter nature—of the coming of spring, with all its blush and beauty, and as Doc said, “Yes, just like a maiden budding into womanhood;” then of what he thought of Harrisburg, and “What will the concert be like?” Then she asked questions of himself and coaxed him until Doc gave the following description: “You know, Miss —, I come from the country—Montclair, a little suburban town on the heights of New Jersey. I never enter into the so-called society, for there I am out of place—completely lost. Should I ever lose my ally—that is, should I ever fall in love—I have not the slightest conception, not the faintest idea, of how to explain it to the one who should be so fortunate.” She turned to him with a quick start, her eyes met his, and she murmured in a low, sweet whisper, “Oh, *Love* will find a way.” This must have been too much for Leslie, for when he came down to dinner everybody noticed that he was very much excited and extremely nervous, so much so that he upset the *consomme*, which had been placed before him, over his partner’s dress. There now hangs on the wall in No. 3 East Witherspoon a little piece of orange and black ribbon and attached to it this odd sign:

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH!

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Who wore it, Doc? Won't you tell us? Well, never mind, for we know more about it than you think we do.

And now Spring was upon us in her full glory. She had fought with the winds of Æolus in March, she had contended with Jupiter and Vulcan in April, and now she had thrown off her storm-clad mantle and May was here. Baseball had begun in earnest, tennis, too, was beginning a new season, the new football squad now began practice, and even the "consolidated" was getting ready for a successful season. It was just about this time that Pop Pease was elected leader of the Glee Club for the year 1893-94, and this instilled in us unusual pride, for out of the coming Junior Class the Captain of the Football Team and the leader of the 'Varsity Glee Club had been chosen. On May 4th the Dramatic Club rendered the "Hon. Julius Cæsar" with much success, and the next night, the night of the Senior Dance, it was repeated with much more propitious results. The members of the cast from our class are thus given:

- BRUTUS—Cæsar's Lieutenant. (A little stagey, but the usual thing in the lover line) . . . MR. AGENS.
- MARK ANTONY—General of all the forces and the original silver-tongued orator. The widowed father of Portia . . . MR. MORSE.
- AUGUSTUS CÆSAR—The heir apparent. A star mucker, but hopelessly degenerate . . MR. THACHER.
- JULIUS—A conspirator. Has rational moments between the acts . . . MR. CARROLL.
- YOUNG CATO—Lieutenant of the Fencibles . . . MR. HARDING.
- ÆCHONS { Three aged mystics who are invariably present on important occasions, and who are supposed to do a vast amount of thinking. (Heaven pity them.) } MR. JOHN GARRETT.
MR. PIERSON.
MR. ROBINSON.

Chorus: Messrs. Pease, Crawford, Murphy and H. White.

Now two important committees which had been elected at a class meeting were beginning to do work, each on their respective calling. The *Bric-à-brac* Committee had been chosen and were now doing lots of work on the *Bric-à-brac* which we would issue the next year. It consisted of: T. S. Huntington, chairman; G. A. Brown, H. W. Garrett, J. W. Garrett, S. R. McCormick, Walter Moses, A. W. Schumacher, F. C. Speer. At this same meeting we elected our Sophomore Reception Committee, and this was also busy preparing for the dance which we were soon to give—a farewell dance to the Class of '93, and the first dance that our class had given since we had been in Princeton. The following men comprised this committee: H. A. Colby, chairman; L. Biddle, J. Blair, Jr., J. S. Bunting, H. L. Crawford, W. Davis, J. W. Garrett, J. C. Harding, S. R. McCormick, R. L. North, F. A. Norris, R. E. Ross, A. R. Teal, J. H. Thacher, L. Wyman.

According to the Constitution of the Athletic Association the time had now come for the elections of a baseball treasurer and also one for the track team. In mass meeting assembled Clarence H. Bissell was elected Assistant Manager of the Baseball Team, and Theodore S. Huntington received the same office for the Track Team. Now all the important offices, and all the various committees which require men from the Sophomore Class, had been filled by men from our class whose ability we did not doubt, whose stability was not easily shaken, and whose love for Princeton, we knew, would urge them on, and would bring forth all their energy in working for her best interests; and all this did we confide in our athletic representatives, in our Dance Committee and in the editors of the coming *Bric-à-brac*.

Princeton was now just beginning to look her best; the beautiful grass of the front campus was showing signs of life and color, the trees were all in blossom, duck trousers were seen

on every side, the siege-freed birds were singing most sweetly, accompanied, as it were, by their more agile companions, the stymphalians. And all these things seemed the more charming to us because it was for the first time that we could loaf on the campus and hear the Seniors sing, we could smoke our pipes in peace, and lying there until the evening shadows faded away into night we would talk of the chances we had against Yale, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania.

Soon, however, these games came off, and, I must confess, somewhat to our sorrow. Yale and Harvard both defeated us, whereas we, on the other hand, treated Pennsylvania in the same way. But our victories over this institution did not compensate, even in a small degree, for the defeats of the other Universities. We had an invincible infield and a perfect outfield; but Princeton's "hard luck"—same old story—followed us again, and the ball was hit at just the wrong time. So we lost our games.

Our class, nevertheless, was not to be daunted thus; we raised our hopes, again thinking that surely we would hold our own in the Caledonian Games; but nit, nit rooster, for when these came, we were dashed to the earth again. Spider McNulty won the 100-yard dash, Gail Dray won the half-mile, and Knox Taylor won the hammer-throwing; while Walter Lord fell over three hurdles in the 120-yard hurdle-race, Harvey Koehler lost his wind in the mile-run and went back to find it, and Offut, in doing the pole-vault, invariably went under the bar instead of over it—a feat which he has not even yet forgotten how to do.

And now College was almost ready to close. The Seniors had taken their examinations, and we were taking ours. Soon these were over, and Commencement Week was here, and it found us wearing high hats and frock-coats. A few of us remained over Commencement, notably those who had relatives

in the graduating class; but the most of us packed our duds, gave each other good-by, and started for the Union Station, crying with loud, triumphant voices: "On, on to the *White City*!"

So we left Princeton at the close of our Sophomore Year. We were sad when we thought that our College Course was now half over; sad when we thought of the good old times that were past and gone, and sad when we gave each other good-by and parted with friends and friendships that had been welded together since Freshman Year. We were happy when we thought of the good we had left behind us, and of the impressions we had made; when we thought of our trip to the World's Fair; when we thought of the coming Junior Year—that happy millennium; and when we thought of those summer moonlight nights, when we could sit with some fairy queen upon a crude, old rustic bridge, and, letting our feet "hang over" until they almost touched the water which splashed and sprayed beneath us, we could talk and sing, and sing and talk, of the moon and the stars above us, of the little brook beneath us, of the cows grazing in yon meadow, and of the sheep along the hillside. Then it was that we were happy, and then it was that we went from these classic shades to fulfil the missions which had been left unfulfilled throughout our Sophomore Year. (Long and continued applause. Bricks and cabbage-heads.)

Where, Oh where, are the gay young Sophomores?

Where, Oh where, are the gay young Sophomores?

Where, Oh where, are the gay young Sophomores?

Safe now in the Junior Class.

They've gone out from Sister Orris,

They've gone out from Sister Orris,

They've gone out from Sister Orris,

Safe now in the Junior Class.

During this Summer Vacation we lost a beloved classmate, who was summoned "unto the God of love, high heaven's King."

WHEREAS, In the all-wise Providence of God, our classmate, Herbert Montgomery Bergen, has been removed from our number; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a class, mourn the loss of one of our number, and wish to bear testimony to his upright and honorable character and firm adherence to duty while associated with us at Princeton;

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our most sincere sympathy, and ask the privilege of joining in their sorrow at the termination of a life so full of promise;

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the class, and a copy be inserted in *The Daily Princetonian*.

In behalf of the Class of '95, Princeton University,

DANIEL F. PLATT,
SELDEN L. HAYNES,
HENRY H. BRADY, JR.,
THEODORE S. HUNTINGTON,
WILLIS H. BUTLER,
Committee.



HERBERT MONTGOMERY BERGEN,
DROWNED AT HARBOR SPRINGS, MICH., ON JULY 22, 1893.

CHAPTER III.

Junior Year.

THE millennium to which we had all looked forward for so long a time had now arrived. The third year in our college course opened on September 25, 1893, and you all know how different it was from the preceding ones. Those of you who have read Professor Perry's book of "Salem Kitteridge, and Other Stories," doubtless remember the one entitled "Number Three." It is so ingenious and sincere, and so akin to the seminary life in Princeton, that I don't see how anyone could forget it. But let me assure you that we came into contact with our "Number Three" under much more propitious circumstances than did Mortimer G. Leffingwell, and we ended it in June with much better results than he did. A college course reminds me of the drama, only that in the latter there are five stages of development, and in the former four. I liken Freshman Year unto the "introduction" of my drama, Sophomore Year shows "development," Junior Year the "grand climax," and Senior Year, if not the "catastrophe," is surely the "fall," for from the highest people in College we drop to the lowest in the world.

We felt quite different now that we were Juniors from what we had previously done. *We were upper classmen*, and as such the equal of anybody. We came back when we got good and ready. Why, what difference did it make to us when we got back? Could the College go on without us? Surely not! So they might just as well wait a few days until we arrived. Then

when we got here! Did you see any of us staring at Wither-
spoon and calling it Edwards? Did you notice any of us asking
what those marble halls were? Did any of us have to ask
where the Registrar's Office was; or, perhaps, where the Absence
Committee met? Ah, no! You've struck the wrong people if
you think we belong to that class. However, lots of the Scien-
tific fellows did want to know where Stony Brook was. You
ask the reason? Nothing simpler. During our summer vaca-
tion the Registrar—at the Faculty's request—had distributed
“tracts” through the various homes. I have always thought
that “tracts” were conducive to good, but I swear (do you?)
that these little programmes from the Faculty make more dis-
sension in many households, over this broad land, during the
summer, than the number of “tracts” from which good would
come in the space of ten years. You know “Catty” Arnold
lives upon Nassau Street, directly opposite the Post-office, and
as soon as examinations are over and time for the reports to
appear, “Catty” sits by the front window from morning until
night. As soon as he sees the postman coming across the street
he always goes out to meet him, and whenever he finds one of
these billets,

RETURN TO
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE,
COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,
PRINCETON, N. J.,

IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN TEN DAYS.

2 Cents.

Mr. Richard J. Arnold,
No. 31 Nassau St.,
Princeton.

instead of giving it to his father, to whom it is addressed, "Catty" always appropriates it himself, with the following expiation: "Thereby I save my beloved parental ancestor lots of trouble and worry, both in respect to conditions and reports." We agree with you, "Catty," and are glad to know that you are so considerate of your father's welfare. Some people think you are *slow*, which conclusion they have reached, no doubt, by seeing you waddle, like a duck, along the street, but we refute this charge, even though your corporosity does seem to indicate it.

Excuse me! I am not like the man who comes in at 4 A.M. and leaves one shoe on the bottom step, a necktie on the next, collar on another, and trousers on the landing, and then calls for "wifey" dear to find him; but, if you will permit, I will return and continue the story which the absorption of "Catty" made me forget. These little souvenir programmes, as they might be termed, told many of the Scientific fellows that they had been conditioned in *Graphics*, and as soon as they arrived here they probed out to Stony Brook to see the Professor about it. That's all the good it did, however, for they had to take the exam. over, much to their chagrin. Many of us in the Academic Department were also "favored" during the summer, not only at Germans, but also by the Faculty. *Mechanics* was our whale, we were the Jonah; for though we couldn't swallow it, *it did swallow* us, and instead of confining us within the walls of its diaphragm for three days, we were kept there during the whole summer, and some of us weren't liberated even then.

The summer of 1893 was one of the greatest epochs of American history particularly and of the world's history incidentally—Sloane, pages 1099 *et seq.*—the World's Columbian Exposition was opened in Chicago. Well, what's that got to do with the price of eggs? Why, simply this: A few Soudanese hens had been brought over here, and some Dahomey fellows had come over to see them. These located in the

Midway Plaisance. Many other Oriental nations heard of the great proceedings, and so betook themselves here also. Among them was the Eastern dancing girl in the street of Cairo; the camels and the like; the theatre outside of which sat that little band which made such hideous music, and the Egyptian tom-tom mounted on a camel and leading the wedding procession. You saw all these? Well, they weren't the only attractions, for I have some things to tell you which, perhaps, you did not see.

John Newbold—a part of the American exhibit—could be seen at most all hours of the day on the Midway Plaisance. To be candid, he was located on the right-hand side as you went down the Midway, in a building right across from Blarney Castle, outside of which hung this large sign, painted in pink, red and rouge:

<p>COME !</p> <p>SEE THE WORLD'S \$1,000 BEAUTIES.</p> <p>EVERY NATION IN THE WORLD</p> <p>REPRESENTED.</p> <p>ADMISSION, 50 cents.</p>
--

And here you would always find John. So one night after the shop was closed and the beauties had removed their disguise, John asked some of his comrades to go over with him and see what the "Beer Tunnel" was like. They must have seen, for when John came to get out of the grounds he had great difficulty with a revolving gate, which opened inward instead of outward. He then sat down and thus soliloquized: "Wash's to do? Ga-te (hic) lock. Wash care I? Sleep here." A policeman going his rounds late that night noticed the form of a man lying in a corner by this gate, and rousing him told him he must get off the grounds. "Sir, I'se obey you. I would (hic) not harm a little

c-hic-kie," said John. "I know you would not," replied the officer, "but you must get off the grounds." So without further ado he started for the nearest exit gate and the policeman left him. However, he could not find it, so started to climb the high fence which surrounded the grounds ; but, alack ! when he finally did reach the top he lost his equilibrium and dropped to the earth below.

John Davis, Perk, Kid Carroll and Phil Walker all went to the fair together, and it is reported that the Board of Lady Managers held a meeting as soon as they heard of the arrival of this "Big Four," to beg of Satan that he would remain away from the place while they were there. However, he did not do it. I could tell you many, many stories about them—how they stole signs and other things, how they flirted with many maidens, etc., but I shall only relate one incident. It happened that they became very much attached to the theatre in the street of Cairo, and thoroughly enjoyed watching the musicians play on their drums and castanets. One night an idea struck them—strange, wasn't it?—and it was this, that they ought to take some part in the performance. Accordingly the plans were laid, and thus they carried them out. Phil, Perk and John seized the drums and castanets and began to make music that actually hurt the drums of the ear, while Charlie came whirling and spinning on the stage, stamping his feet and moving his shoulders up and down. Now the music increases, it gets faster and faster, the musicians shriek and cry in their excitement, the dancer is circling a ring like an Indian war dance, the contortions of the body increase—and the dance ends up by the interference of a policeman. They say they had a *fine* time, and, as a matter of fact, nobody doubts that statement.

It was quite hard out there for some people to get things straight—Ed. McCormick called the main part of the lagoon in front of the Administration Building, Lake Michigan ; and he

remarked how much Horticultural Bridge looked like the Bridge of Sighs; Knox Taylor invariably called the Wooded Islands the Thousand Islands, and, worst of all, he called the Intermural Railway the Intermutual Railroad. Girard Herrick went through the Esquimaux Village, and seeing the dogs in their kennels wanted to know if those dogs were really alive, and if so would they give him a ride on that sled there? And there were many more just like these.

Jim Blair—our anthropopathical Jim—was also at the Fair. He visited Harold and Stanley McCormick—you know, the *great* McCormicks, that is Harold alone. He'll tell you all about himself if you'll pay the price, which I advise you not to do. "Our line of ancestors," he says, "came over from Scotland in the fifth century when King Meberamalgau sat on the throne, which makes us more than two hundred years older than any other line of McCormicks in this country. We belonged to the Herculean Clan of the Highlands, and though for the past few generations there have been no signs of this fact, nevertheless it has been revived again in me, showing itself most conspicuously in my shoulders and limbs, and I believe that my visage is the distinguished mark of the high character of the whole clan." But passing on from what Harold thinks of himself to what Stanley really is, and then contrasting the two to Jim, we finally get back on our original story. They were "doing up" the Fair in grand style, and taking their time about it, when some one suggested, one beautiful evening, that they get a crowd of girls and take a gondola ride; and this just suited the Scranton visitor, who was anxious to show the Chicago girls that he was a "pretty hot Willie." "It is a distinct stage in a man's social evolution when he acquires the proper use of the word 'charming,'" but Jim had hard trouble in learning how to prolong the first syllable, and pronounce it as all society people do. However, he overcame this fault, and as he and a Miss —— were sitting

in the bow of one of the large gondolas, he began talking of what a charming evening it was. In the centre of the gondola there was erected a covered canopy—a protection from the sun in the daytime—and to each of the four posts which supported this there now hung Japanese lanterns. The whole party was very jubilant at the start, but as they rowed up to the north end of the lagoon and away from the noise and bustle, the gondola was left to drift and the gondoliers played the mandolin and guitar and then sang that beautiful serenade, “On Venice Waters ;” and when they came to the lines,

“What though the world be wide,
Love’s golden star will guide,”

Jim whispered softly to his compeer, “How charming!” When the music ceased the whole party began to “jolly up” again except these two in the bow, which, of course attracted considerable attention, for the dim rays of light from the lanterns fell directly upon them, showing a profile view of the lady with Jim below her, gazing contentedly into her beautiful brown eyes. Presently one of the girls in the stern cried, jokingly: “Oh, Mr. Blair! Don’t you think everything here is *lovely*? The lanterns throw such a tender illumination upon you that I couldn’t help but remark about it.” “Illumination!” said Jim, “please don’t speak of illumination when these eyes” (looking up into them again) “beam so tenderly into mine.” Can you imagine what his companion did? Can you imagine what the rest of the party did? No? Well then, they simply collapsed. The young pilgrim on society’s road could not imagine what was the matter until one of the party remarked: “Mr. Blair! you’re awfully clever. Really very funny.” Then he too saw the joke and laughed.

It was about the middle of August that Harold McCormick had to come East to attend to some business and other matters of

importance on which he is always bent. While this was being attended to he was the guest of Girard Herrick in New York. The business was attended to, and the day before starting home he went to the Pennsylvania Railroad office and secured a ticket with a stop-over in Cleveland. The next day he started, prepared to enjoy himself until he should arrive at his destination. Upon his arrival there he went to the Hotel Hollenden, and as soon as he had registered in his striking, characteristic hand, "Harold McCormick, Chicago, Ill.," the clerk rang for a policeman. Our classmate was immediately handcuffed, placed in a patrol and taken to the station-house amid loud and clamorous protests. "What am I arrested for? What have I done? Don't you know who I am? I'm Harold McCormick, of Chicago," and all this with the greatest excitement. As soon as he was landed at the station-house he was brought before the Station-Master and was asked all the questions which are put to culprits. The Station-Master then turning to the officer asked: "Charge?" And there came the sharp, terse reply: "*Forgery and Robbery.*" He was then searched and asked if he had anything to say, whereupon he gave this answer: "Your Honor! I think this is a mistake. I am Harold McCormick, of Chicago. A brother of Cyrus McCormick, of Chicago. I have come from New York and am now on my way home. I stopped over here to see a friend and as soon as I registered at the hotel I was arrested." Well, to make a long story short, it seems that a "crook" had adopted his name, had just committed a robbery and a forgery and was supposed to be somewhere between New York and Chicago, and thus it was that the officers got the wrong person. Now Harold had stopped over in Cleveland to see a *lady* friend with whom he had made an engagement for that evening, but it took him three hours to prove his identity, and consequently the visit was postponed until the following morning, and then, when he did call, *she was occupied*; but, nevertheless, she took time to

send to him in the drawing-room her sorrow and the morning paper, which contained a long article with the bold heading "Harold McCormick, of Chicago, arrested." But now we hear that everything has been righted, and that they are the best of friends. Ah! you're a winner, Harold, without a doubt.

I have carried you, kind reader, across this country of ours and back again, and again to Chicago, merely to do justice to a few men who were located in that vicinity. But now we are back in Princeton and will talk of Princeton for a few months to come. We paraded the campus in true Junior fashion and we sang good old rye-rhythmed songs such as these:

We have been to the Great World's Fair,
The birds and the beasts were there,
The old racoon
By the light of the moon
Was combing his auburn hair
The monkey he got drunk,
And he fell in the elephant's trunk
And the elephant he
Got down on his knee,
And what became of the "monk?"

[This we sang to the chorus of the Bowery:

On the Midway, the Midway,
They do such things,
And they say such things,
On the Midway, the Midway,
We'll never go there any more.

Singing these songs, talking of the times we had during the summer, telling how many girls we *now* correspond with—not how many two months from now,—leading the Freshmen on to victory in their baseball game, wearing a *blasé* air, and you see us the typical Junior Class. A glorious life! The grandest year in the college life! and, perhaps, can even our Prophet

tell, the happiest year of the numbered ones we have on earth. We started in to make the best of it and we certainly did succeed.

On October 5th we held a meeting and paid tribute to the following men: We conferred the greatest honor on James Blair, Jr., whom we elected President; Howard A. Colby, Vice-President; Robert A. Inch, Secretary, and our old stand-by, Theodore S. Huntington, Treasurer. And now we had the "old machine" in hand and were going to run her forward like Bill Jones and the rest of them used to do. So we're "off at the Gutt."

The fall months in Princeton are filled with lots of fun for Juniors. Professor West described us well when he said:

"The spirit of student life in Princeton is first, last, and all the time, democratic. The campus is their *ἀγορά*, and there they are at almost all hours of the day and night. Sometimes it looks as though they 'spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing.' Sometimes it is athletics, sometimes it is continuous contemplation of the campus, sometimes the need of considering the wisdom of Faculty action, sometimes the relative merits of pipe and cigarette, sometimes the pursuit of fun for its own sake and independent of utilitarian considerations, that enlists their attention. What sights and sounds! 'The noise, the joys, the boys, the games, the fun!' The inextinguishable Homeric laughter! The processions moving to and fro in the still October evenings, singing college songs, and all the phases of their tumultuous, open, unforgettable student life! How a professor living in contact with such life can ever become a fossil is of course a mystery, in which, however, one thing at least is clear, and that is that the students do not make him one. The ceaseless ferment of this college democracy is an invaluable force."

All of us, I think, agree with him in every respect. Why just

to enliven the Professors, Gordon Fisher was elected to *The Tiger*; Bissell, Irvine and Butler were put on the "*Daily Sheet*" merely to keep these same worthies well informed of the doings in College, and James, by boot-licking the Manager, had secured the Assistant Business Managership of the same. And speaking of "ceaseless ferment!" all I can say is that the grill-room of the new Princeton Inn was kept busy accommodating us. There Tom Slidell would get a comfortable chair in the "shank of the evening," and there he would sit till the lights were put out, singing sweetly his favorite song, "Ceaseless ferment, forever;" Phil Walker told "funny stories" of the Postmasters down in the Old Dominion; Howard Colby gave us his experiences in the forests of Michigan; Fred Norris had some ghost story; Sport Porter a real thrilling, exciting experience which he had passed through with Harvey Koehler or La Fetra; Frank Morse knew any amount of stories which he had written for the "*Lit.*"—and had been refused; and Harny Koch told many stories about his sweet little room-mate Jimmy Hayes. This same grill-room was the place where Poller Ross and Doc Fry became regular "topers," and they even drank champagne every night for a month or two. Oh! Poller, couldn't I tell how I met you and Doc in front of the Second Presbyterian Church one night pleading with an old tramp and begging him to turn from the path of wickedness, and to follow *you*, but he would not! Gail Dray and Williepants Egbert here learnt to imbibe "P. I." and "Light Schaffer." Bovo Borie brought here his own individual Stein and the example set, so did most everybody else.

Our Junior year was full of grave responsibilities; we were supposed, acting in conjunction with the Seniors, to stop all hazing; we were the people who set the example for the Under Classmen; we edited the *Bric-à-Brac* this year, and, most important of all, we had charge of the *Freshmen*. We led them to

victory in their "rush;" we helped them win their baseball game, and we helped them put up their Procs. This job was undertaken one dark, stormy night, when we thought that, surely, every Sophomore was in bed. But how badly we were fooled! As the initiative to this undertaking Ed Munn and Tom Slidell broke into Charlie Lee's and played particular havoc. They broke windows, battered down doors, fired hot irons at the Chinamen, and then stole their counter. Then a little later Harny Koch ran up and down the street yelling to everybody that the Procs. were coming out. A brilliant trick, I must confess. When 2 A.M. finally did come, no Freshmen appeared to help us do the work, so we started out ourselves. Charlie Hendrickson got an old white plug and a tumble-down wagon and started for Lawrenceville, Dick Stockton appropriating the use of his father's horse, started with a crowd for Pennington. [They were subsequently found about half-way there, in a somnambulistic condition, with the horse eating grass along the highway.] The rest of us started to do the town; but the moment we reached the 'Varsity field—strange to say—we stopped. Reason? Why, it was a matter of about fifty Sophomores to ten Juniors, and you know, don't you, Cress, that five to one are pretty big odds? Well, we intended to give up the job, and so started for our rooms; but when we attempted to come on the campus then did we meet with resistance by *arms*. Runt Hodge was thrown against the Scientific Building, J. Paxton was hung on the campus fence, the wounded were left lying where they fell, and those who had the Procs. were stripped of their clothing until every Proc. was found and burnt.

Football was now at its height. Practice was going on every day and we were again beginning to look forward to a *championship*. The game with the University of Pennsylvania was near at hand, and that over, Yale was to be the next victim. Nor

did we base our prophecies illogically; for as in '89 Lehigh had scored against us, so did the same thing happen this year, and accordingly—that is, according to Sam Curtis and Deacon White—we would win it again this year. At all events, the team certainly was getting in good shape, the interference was well formed, the men were all in the best of condition, thanks to our trainer, Jack McMasters, and everyone was saving his “piasters” for the games which were soon to be played. But, hold! we disremember.

In October of Junior year we won the class baseball championship, and in November the class football championship. You remember how we defeated the Seniors, don't you? Well, Jesse James practically won the game, for he made a run of 105 yards and scored a touchdown, the only one made during the entire game. All honor to our team! for every man on it worked like a Trojan. And I know we do not need to be reminded of how we praised and lauded them for some time to come. Frank Reynolds and Joe Bunting made out-of-sight ends, Hugh Hodge and Deacon White were “sleek” tackles, the giant guards, Pease and McColl, did their part gloriously, and to criticise the work of Sandow Beveridge would be an affront of which I would not be the perpetrator. To Billy Neill, Charlie Cochran, Jess James and Wilfrid Hagar, our plucky and nervy backs, thanks for the brave way in which you upheld the honor of our class when defeat almost stared us in the face. You certainly did acquit yourselves with glory, for which we have since sung you songs of praise.

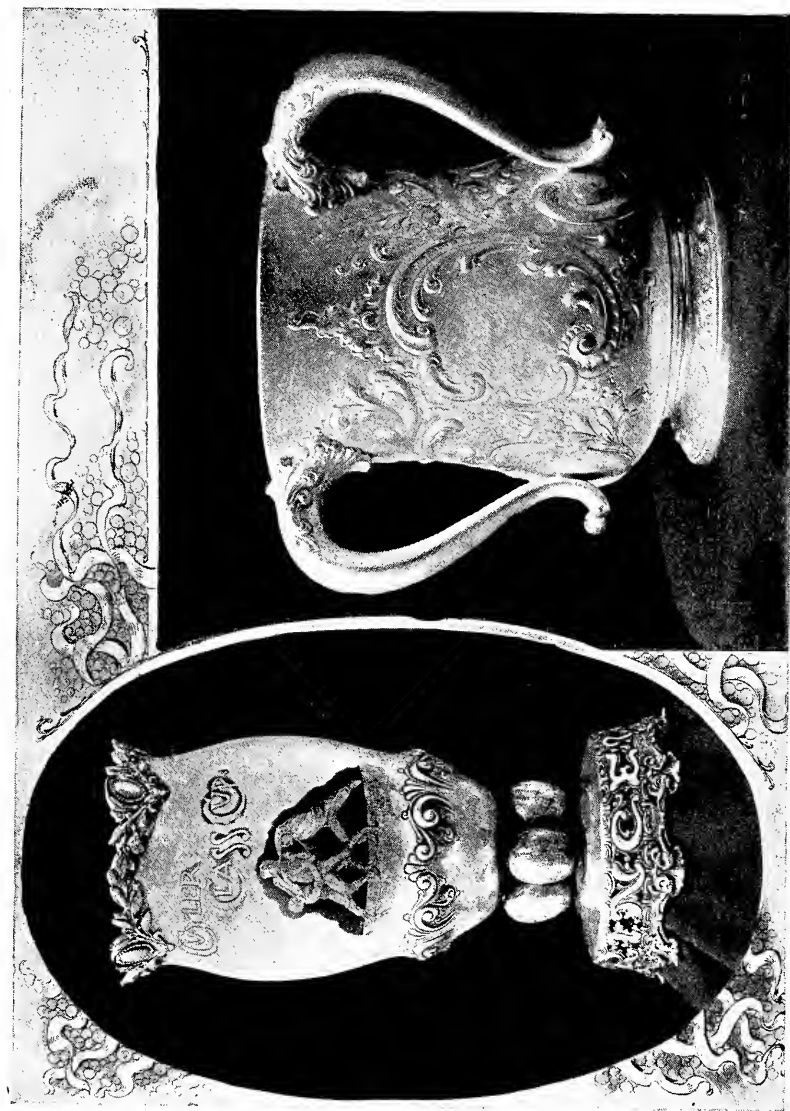
Soon after this football game we held a Class meeting, at which the question for discussion was, “How can you beat us?” but as no answer could be given the meeting was adjourned.

About this time in Junior year the College was visited by book agents from all parts of the country. Some people have the gift of loquaciousness, some more, some most; and whether

this gift—may I call it such—is found in a Methodist preacher, *more* in a class historian, or *most* in book agents, you know better than I can tell you. Be that as it may, it was the misfortune of one particular book agent, in going through *Brown*, to run across Dick Egbert's room, and, being admitted, he immediately made known his errand. But no sooner had he done so than he got a reply from Richard something like this: "Get the — out. I don't want any of your — books. You and all your race are a set of — —, and the sooner you know that the better." The horrified book agent took this in very calmly, and when Dick finally did stop, he reached in his pocket and bringing forth a little book handed it to him, with this remark: "Here, sir, is a Bible. First-rate book. Full of useful information. It'll help you." With that he left the room, and Dick spent the next few days in trying to find out if anyone had seen a book agent in town.

Some bright person has called November "the month of secret practice and of hopes of victory, with football our all-absorbing topic," and I think this is as good a description as you can get, when the two great games are excluded. On the fourth of this month we left for Philadelphia, and, incidentally, Mannheim, with trousers rolled high (for we had heard of a heavy fog in London), mackintoshes, sweaters, etc., prepared to enjoy the game with the Quakers, even though it was pouring rain. We don't remember much about *that* game except that we added another victory to our long list, and came home jubilant and *flush*. And now we talked of nothing but football. Every man in College had devised some new trick which he was sure was not theoretical only, but practical. Trilby Hayes was trying to work out a system of interference from the heliocentric theory of Copernicus, and by Kepler's Laws of Planetary Motion he had each of the three backs "sweep out equal areas in equal times." Even Dougal Ward could not calculate how much effect this had in





Class Champions.

IN FOOTBALL, 1893-94, 1894-95.

IN BASEBALL, 1893-1894.

getting the team in readiness for the Yale game ; but, nevertheless, when Thanksgiving Day came they were in New York, and we were there too.

At last the time for the game arrived, and we left for Manhattan Field, some of us on coaches, some in carriages, and the rest on the L. Some took their papas and mammas, some their sisters and brothers, some a very dear friend, and others, only a few, their *fiancées*. Does any Princeton man need a description of that game? A thousand nays ! for even an attempt to describe it would be futile. Both teams fought *courage sans peur*, and the game was anybody's until the referee's whistle ended all doubt as to who were the winners. To say we were jubilant, is putting it mildly—we were intoxicated with joy. New York could hardly contain us that night, and with bands and mascots, with brooms and umbrellas, and with triumph and victory on our heads, we paraded the streets until the “the wee sma' hours.” We returned to Princeton some time within the next four days, and on Monday had a grand old celebration, the like of which hadn't been seen here for a few years. And what a celebration it was ! Freddie Pool upset himself and everbody near, about every other minute, and all he was able to utter was, “I'm cel'bratin', I'm cel'bratin'.” Tommy Ross, Curly Nelson, Mike Hunt and Buck Masters played a game of “hunt” with one another, though not separated by five feet, and then a batch of '95 fellows got wheelbarrows and started to push the players around the cannon-fire ; but the fact was proven that they had mistaken their calling, for instead of wheeling the players around the cannon, the players placed these same gentlemen in these same barrows and then wheeled them off home. A sort of hard-luck story, wasn't it ?

Football over, there was little to do now except to poll, grind, dig, or any other epithet which you wish to call it. Some of our class, however, didn't take to this at this time, so every evening

they would gather together down in Brown, though for what purpose we did not know for a long time. The crowd consisted of Howard Colby, Doggy, Jake Kahn, Cresson, Phil Walker, Ralph *Seltzer* Dilley, John Davis and perhaps one or two others. The regularity of their meetings finally attracted the attention of Sam Calhoun, one of our "corps of competent and polite Proctors," and from the intense calmness and stillness which prevailed he thought that surely something wrong was going on, and surmised a poker game. Without any warning whatsoever he burst in upon them at breakneck speed. But, alas! to his horror and chagrin (especially chagrin) he found them all toasting their feet around the grate-fire and studiously reading religious papers, namely, the *Tracts* which are distributed in that dormitory as well as in Dod. Thus it was that we learned of their meetings and what their object was, and we all enjoyed the story of how the Proctor was sold.

The *Bric-à-brac* Committee was now through with its labors, and Hunny, with his associates, were hustling the printers so as to produce the book before Christmas vacation. It appeared on December 19th, the same day on which the Glee Club Organization started on its Southern trip. It was the finest *Bric-à-brac* that had ever been published, and we were proud of the results of those who had it in charge.

According to schedule, the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs started for the South a day or two before College closed, and gave their first concert in Baltimore. Beef and Doggy went with the clubs this year, and seemed to enjoy the trip immensely. Every night at the hour of our departure you would find Beef in the responsible capacity of gate-keeper. Here he would give vent to *all* he contained, and in these words: "All aboard! for Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, Metuchen, New Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton and Philadelphia. On the right!" And then fearing that some individual had gotten on the wrong

train, he would go through every car, waken every one and calmly inquire, "Where are you destined?" and if an answer was not forthcoming he would haul the sleepy form into the aisle and then bawl out again, "This train for Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway and Metuchen," at which point he would stop and remark: "But touch me not;" and then proceeding, he would repeat again the destinations for which the train was bound. At Vicksburg the fellows were shown through the cemetery, and here it was that Beef gave an exhibition skirt dance, to the vexation of all the ladies present, and he even went so far as to have a photographer come out from the city and picture him in his most graceful pose.

On the other hand, Doggy conducted himself *magna cum prudentia*. He was Captain Trenchard, and of course all the actresses and prize-fighters and all the bicycle riders and physical-culture girls wanted to talk with him about his great strength and how acquired. The New Orleans papers seriously considered publishing an "extra," giving a history of his life, just as the *Ten Cent Library* has since done; and in Memphis the audience positively refused to allow the concert to proceed until Messrs. Trenchard and Wheeler presented themselves upon the stage. The only thing for which we can criticise "Dog" is the way in which he put common every-day cord upon his guitar instead of gut strings, and would then do enough fingering for all the other guitarists combined.

Tom Pierson lost his heart to a beautiful plantation damsel who was residing at the time in Vicksburg, and, to be candid, he has never since found the equal of "Minnie." Stanley McCormick also got mixed up in the game, and the outcome of the matter was that they both would go to the hotel to say farewell! Stan should be the first to do this sad act, and then Tom was to go to heal the wound Stanley had left, and to comfort her before parting. No person knows what happened, but

this much is known, that Stanley had had only three minutes' bliss, when Tom interrupted and took an hour merely to say good-bye. Of a truth, strange things happen sometimes.

Few men have gone through a college course with a "spotless reputation," but up to this time no one could have pointed the finger of scorn at L. Frederic Pease, the efficient leader of the Glee Club, and it was only his much prized beard that brought him trouble this time. Oh, Fred! can you ever forget Buffalo and what happened there? Yes. Well then, I'll remind you of it. It happened that among the beautiful girls who attended a reception given to the clubs, Pop met the "girl of his choice," and proceeding to some shady nook they drifted off into the realms of "the sweet subsequently." Her lovely manners and her winning ways, so enticing, encouraged Fred, and ere long he reached the climax. "May I have just one kiss?" he asked, bending over as if to take it even if consent was not forthcoming, and at the same time whispering tender words of persuasion; but she sprang to her feet and straightening herself to her full height said, piquantly: "Really, Mr. Pease, I am not in the habit of kissing buffaloes." And now:

Fred's been looking for a place
In which to go and hide his face.
Oh what would you do in such a case?
In such a deplorable case?

Christmas vacation over, we again came back to "the ancient college built in an ancient town" to learn what we didn't know before examinations began, and in this respect we were like Billy Sloane, who "don't claim to know everything," as he once told us. As hard polling necessitates exercise, and as the Seminoles set us the example, it is the college custom during this season of the year to promenade Nassau Street every evening between the fashionable hour of five and six. Accordingly,

Ralph (commonly known as Poller) Hoagland was strolling towards Evelyn with a friend one afternoon in January, and, upon meeting several Princeton young ladies they stopped, and Ralph, not knowing them, was introduced. Their services as escorts were offered and accepted, and they had a lovely walk home; but Ralph's companion did not catch his name, and knew no more to whom she was talking than if he were the man in the moon. The contrary with Ralph; he was much impressed with his new acquaintance and, having had an invitation to call, decided to go that very night. His ring was answered by the butler, and the name of

Mr Ralph T. Hoagland.

was carried to the lady. But here the first trouble came, for he had asked to see Miss A —, of which there are two, and he no more knew which one he had called upon than did they which one he had come to see. After much discussion between them the younger finally made her appearance, and by good luck she happened to be the "girl wanted." Their conversation had not progressed very far when Ralph made himself the subject of it in this manner: "You know, Miss A —, I am a Fresh Junior just having entered college this year, and consequently do not know many of the fellows you refer to. I assure you this could be the only possible reason for not having met you before. My home is Chicago, and knowing most of the boys here who are from Chicago, I was influenced to come to Princeton." His frock coat, creased trousers and completed toilet must have made quite a change from his appearance of the afternoon, for still she did not recognize him, but vivaciously replied: "Why,

how awfully funny. I just met a man this afternoon who was in the very same circumstances; he was a Fresh Junior and came from Chicago, but I didn't catch his name when introduced, and so have no more idea to whom I was talking than if no one had been there at all. I certainly would like to know who he was." "Oh, Miss A —," came the quick rejoinder, "is it possible that you have forgotten me? It was I whom you met this afternoon. I who escorted you home, and I whom you invited to call. Promise that you won't forget me again and then I can rest in peace." We all sympathized with Ralph, that fate and love—especially love—had been so cruel to him, but the promise must have been given, for we afterwards saw them taking daily walks towards Morven and Guernsey Hall.

And now everybody was going over to town to buy a *gallon* of oil, a can of chocolate and a box of crackers; dusty alarm clocks were taken from the still more dusty shelves and regulated so as not to go off an hour ahead of time, lamp-shades and eye shades were bought in profusion, gas stoves were put in readiness for 4 A.M. arisings, the campus was completely deserted—even by Jimmy Stenk, and the Great Plague of 1894 was here. Have you ever considered what the word "examination" means? Whether it is the discovery of what you do know, or the knowledge of what you do not know? Chappie Biddle answers: "It's some of neither and a great deal of both." Chap gets through this "by the skin of his teeth," and that by "horse luck," but in the other subjects he is sure of a first or second group; and yet when exams. are over we find him conditioned in the latter and "not graded" in the former. But cheer up, Chappie, you'll be an A.B., M.D., D.D. some day, bye-and-bye! Yea, even before Marshal Urban, our Washington's Birthday Orator, again harangues on "The Nation's Idol" in the gymnasium, or before Ben Butler again represents us in a Washington's Birthday Debate.

What a world of wisdom! What a cosmos of knowledge! What an *orbis terrarum* of intellect! Never since the Hon. John Hamilton granted the first charter to this College in 1746 until this present day has there ever entered such an intellectual, ambitious, awe-inspiring, conquering, ever-to-be-remembered **CLASS AS OURS.** We had learned all that it was possible to know about the Pre-Socratic, the Socratic and the Post-Socratic periods of philosophy under Jeremy Ormond. Prof. "Twinkle" came to realize that we knew a great deal about the dimensions, mass and density of the sun, that we knew that hydrogen and helium were the constituent parts of the Chromosphere and Prominences, that we were well informed of the theories of Schiaparelli, Schröter, Zöllner, Doppler, Halley, Cassini, Galileo and others, and that we were experts in handling the Filar Micrometer, the Pryheliometer and Violle's Actinometer. The only man who didn't know anything at all about the subject was Fitzhugh Speer, as was shown one day when Professor called on Fitz and asked this question: "Mr. Speer, how do you account for the fact that it takes us twenty-four hours to complete the solar day, while it takes us but twenty-three to complete the sidereal day—what becomes of the four minutes, which, as you know, is the average daily difference?" "Well," replied Fitzhugh with great gusto, "there have been quite a number of explanations given of this phenomenon by all the learned astronomers, but I believe the one generally accepted in this college is that these *four minutes* are set apart for breakfast." The much respected Professor dismissed the class, and we all departed for luncheon.

The majority of us caught fourth group in Jurisprudence, but were consoled by the fact that we knew Woodrow Wilson always grades a man as low as he can in the first term of Junior Year, and so we entertained hopes for the future. Three hours a week we had Physics with Billy Magie, and thanks, under his constant

and watchful eye, we learned a great deal which we did not know before. Though we had had Mechanics we had not learnt the proportionate amount of stress and strain which Johnny Degan exerts every time he rings the bell, but we were informed of that here; of the electrostatic unit of current we were given full knowledge; we were instructed of the intricate workings of the potentiometer and piezometer, of the gyroscope and spectro-scope and of the anode and cathode, and we were informed, as well as instructed, that no man would be allowed to attend this recitation in a sweater, and if one were desirous of a high group he must have his shoes shined, be cleanly shaved, must doff *cheviot* shirts for white linen, and must have his hair neatly brushed—mustaches combed—every time he made his appearance in the room. If your memory is good you'll never forget the day that Fuzzy Crawford was ejected from the class simply because he wore a sweater, and because his straggly beard wasn't neatly arranged. Lots of us had taken Billy Sloane in ancient history, and what we didn't know about history really wasn't worth knowing; Jack Hibben had brought us up in the straight and narrow way, and had taught us more about the Bible than we had ever known before. Now we were studying Job—learning to know that though based on fact, the book, in form, is fictional, and as to whether it is a drama or an epic, we discovered that it has no dramatic action whatsoever, and is epic only in so far as it stands for the children of Israel.

With Scotty we had learned that Geology was composed of three parts, to wit: dynamical, structural and historical. We were informed that the "causes now modifying the structure of the earth" were: atmospheric, aqueous, organic and igneous. We became acquainted with glaciers and their movements, with rocks and minerals of all kinds, with springs, with volcanoes and with many other natural phenomena. We had had *ψύχη-λόγος* and our belief in self-reality made more apparent by our retention, recol-

lection and recognition of this sense perception, enabled us to form a voluntary imagination of motivation. With Prof. Cornwall we had learnt all about organic, inorganic and theoretical chemistry; we knew a great deal about the ethyl, methyl and acetylene series, and we could rattle off Mendeléeff's table as easily as though it were two times two; we could easily apply Avogadro's Law in deriving the equation $M_2 = 28.88 \times d_2$, and for us Mitscherlich's Law of Isomorphism was easy fruit.

Then came Art with Markie, who stands among the foremost in Archæological authority, and is therefore always "*on the scratch*." Frothy, too, told us lots about Mediæval art, and of the characteristics of the Christian, Romanesque and Gothic schools. Gidé didn't know any more about Pol. Econ than did Brother Daniels or ourselves—the book was used merely as a matter of form; we could trace all sorts of curves, whether they would represent cost and production, supply and demand, or gain and loss. We could define "most any old term," state any law and criticise Gidé and Walker with great éclat. And last, but not least, the venerable Dean of this institution lectured to us on English literature; we learned of the writings and characteristics of Swift, Pope, Dr. Johnson and others; of the works of Sir Thomas Brown, Addison and Goldsmith, and of the histories of Gibbon and Hume we could give general estimates, and we could even tell you how far the success of the *Tatler* was due to Sir Richard Steele.

So were we instructed during our Junior year. We had gained an immense amount of knowledge, had learned how to think and reason, and had become tangled with some of the greatest problems of philosophy. Thus it was that it occurred to some Socrates in our class—his identity has never been made known, though we suspect Oliver Upson—to get a phrenologist to come to Princeton and show his skill in craniology. In due time the student of Gall made his appearance and began his scrutable

examinations, and in less than no time he had made such a reputation for himself that the whole College hied themselves to his lordship, and were having their bumps investigated. The *Cottage* Meister-Singers thought this a good chance to have some fun, so they held a confidential meeting with the Professor and informed him of a little love affair of which Fred Norris was a participant, telling him in particular that Fred was deeply in love with the Vice-Deputy Fish Commissioner's daughter, and that it was his intention to propose within a very short time. He was to come to Fred's room the next evening at 9 o'clock, when the crowd would be there, and they'd make things lively. A rap on the door at the appointed hour was answered by Fred, and the stranger introduced himself thus: "Gentlemen, I am a phrenologist of a high rank, and am going through the College examining heads for fifty cents, though my prices in the city are a dollar and a dollar-and-a-half, according to the size of the head. Gentlemen, I should like to have the privilege of examining all, or at least, some of you." No person seemed desirous of being experimented upon, and the examiner of heads was just about to leave when Henk dexterously arose and turning to the 100 yards-dasher said: "Fred, I'll have my head examined if you'll have yours when I get through;" and the proposition was accepted. Hard luck! Henk, but your head contains so little that it isn't worth while to repeat here the words of the prophet to you, though Fred's case is very different. "You live in New York," the doctor began on Fred, "and unless I am mistaken, on West 74th Street. Your parents are both living, and you have one sister and three brothers. You are fond of books and read a great deal, though you are not what might be called a 'book-worm.' I believe, from this bisimetrical protuberance, that you are also fond of athletics—you play baseball somewhat, and you ought to be a renowned sprinter. Sir, you are in love. You are passionately enamored with a sea-captain's daughter. She is

about your height, her hair and eyes are a shade darker than yours, and you correspond with her daily. You intend to propose within ——." "And what will she say? What will she say?" cried Fred, springing from the chair, so excited that he never heard the shrieks of laughter from the fellows. "For Heaven's sake, man, answer," he continued. "What will she say? Will she throw her arms around me and call me 'her Freddie,' or will she turn her lovely face away from me and utter those cruel words, 'No! No! No!?' Speak, man; answer, say something;" but the man of science had not been prepared for this turn of affairs, and consequently was dumbfounded from fright. The fellows begged Fred not to make a fool of himself, and finally calmed him; when the learned Sire collected his money, told Fred that he really could not tell the lady's answer as he had not examined her, and that phrenology was not guess-work but a science, and then, bidding them good-night, took his departure. Wake up! Fred, the Chapel bell's ringing and you're over your limit now.

Though great in so many things we did not have the power to change the Lenten season, and so our Junior Promenade had to be postponed until the sixth of April. And though the good society-people would not think of going to a dance during Lent, they have no scruples about going to Gymnastic Exhibitions, so long as they are given in a Y. M. C. A. building; so that, accordingly, Captain McColl with his best men, Hendrickson, Kellerman and Wheeler (our representatives on the team), and, incidentally, with the other members of it, had been taking trips around the country doing Spartan "stunts" upon the l'eschelle, double and flying trapeze, rings, *bars*, and the like, and were thus showing off their beautiful, muscular, and well-rounded arms and limbs. During this time also the *Tiger* came out saying, "We are pleased to announce the election of A. P. Nevin, '95, to the Board," and, of course, he was receiving congratulations for a

year and a-day. Why, the day that his election was announced he stood at the quadrangle—between *The Princetonian* office and The Student's Book Store, about as poor a place as one could select, for you're sure to get dunned from one side or the other—the entire day, and smiled and grunted at everybody who passed, until they finally saw what he was after, when they would stop and congratulate him. Two weeks after this, "Cow" went to New York to attend to some of his important business and, having finished it, he returned to College the following morning on the 8.45 train, but no sooner had he taken his seat in the car than the Union News Company's crier made his appearance in the doorway. "*Puck, Judge, Life, Truth, Town-Topics, Standard and Cosmopolitan.* Out dis morning," he vociferated. Passing through the car he was stopped by Parker, who—remembering that the *Tiger* was just about due—asked this question: "Have you the '*Princeton Tiger*?' " "Naw, I ain't got no '*Princeton Tiger*,'" was the reply, "and you don't want to git so fresh, see? I don't carry no menagerie show, or if I did, I'd have you in it. Now, g'on and mind yer biz;" and with that he strolled on down the aisle. Andrew never again asked the news-agents for the *Tiger*, but if he ever becomes Managing Editor, every tongue shall know the difference between the *Princeton Tiger*, periodical, and the Princeton Tiger, mammalogical.

The forty days fasting was now over, and "all the best fellows" paid their five dollars and went to the Junior Prom., if for no other reason than merely to get a good, square meal. Chairman Crawford, with his Committee, made no pretensions whatever to out-do the preceding classes, and yet they had everything so well arranged, the room so beautifully decorated, and such a delicious and well-served supper, that every one agreed in saying that it was the swellest and most gorgeous dance they had ever attended. If ever better musicians than Stubb, of New York, or better caterer than Trower, of Germantown, or more artistic

decorators than Koster, of New York, come to Princeton, it will be after our Class has left the "plebeian shades" of this mundane sphere.

About the middle of April a circus came to Princeton, to show us how much better they were than Barnum, with their advance agent betting dollars to doughnuts that their parade would beat anything of its kind on earth. The great pandemonium arrived on schedule time; so promptly, in fact, that we were aroused from our soporiferous slumbers—so soporiferous that Alex. Andrews can't hear the chapel-bell, though he lives in Reunion—by the heavy six-horse vans going from the station to the *rendezvous*, by the unloading of the lions, elephants and other tropical beasts, and by the ladies (?) clamoring from their car-windows: "Wake up, boys; we're here!" We all went down to bid them good-morning; had they used Pear's Soap? and to see if we could do anything for them. You know, we received them just like a delegation of preachers and their wives, and had a committee appointed to meet and welcome them to our little town; which committee consisted of Rusty Otheman, chairman; attendants—Bill Leggate, Cherub Wells, Burt Lukens, Dixon (not the pugilist), Jim Crawford, Charlie Condit, Dan Dexter, Selden Haynes, Ray Wadhams, Jack Caton, Edward Henry Hoos and Robert Lansing Zabriskie. A motley crowd of fellows! In defence of Harry Roberts and Leigh Wyman let me say that though they tried their hardest to get on this committee, they were black-balled on the ground of *bienséance*. Throughout the early morning we all tendered our respects at the camping-grounds, and at 10 o'clock the parade started, much to the disgust of Professor Sloane, who had us in History at that hour. With the first strains of the calliope began the shuffle of our feet, our heads began to whirl, we saw visions of ladies on horseback, and our hearts began to beat much faster than did our pencils move over the pages of

the note-book. Some became so excited that they arose and left—subsequently conditioned; the pollers moved uneasily in their seats, while the true sports said: “Hu-s-h!” Those who were free, however, had a rattling good time. They cheered the brave ladies who dared to ride such prancing steeds, and they hissed the men for taking the “plugs;” they discovered that the papoose’s conveyance was constructed from some old elm trees which had been carted from the College to a field adjoining the circus quarters, and, consequently, this was demolished; they corked a lot of empty Canadian Club bottles and held these up in front of the cowboys, and, as a result, the whole parade was stopped, while the fellows checked the stampede; they threw a coat and a pair of trousers at the lion-keeper, crying: “Oh! aren’t you ashamed of yourself? You’d better put those clothes on or you’ll catch cold!” And they gave the clown a warm reception. The *Colonial* Sangerfesters, the *Ivy* Warblers, the *Inn* Comrades, who “from childhood play’d together,” and the *Cap and Gown* Seigneurs—all had their representatives on hand. The two Hodges—Hugh and Alex—were there; so was Bob Wherry; so, also, Sister Van Sellar, and a host of others. You ask what they did? Why, they simply stripped that clown of his clothing until he resembled Diogenes; and they took his wagon and donkeys and carried them from Chambers Street to the top floor of Dod. Dean Murray, though he saw the performance, couldn’t collect enough discipline to stop it, so ludicrous was it; and Topley sat on the steps for half an hour, “laughing,” as he said, “until my sides fairly ached.” In the afternoon we took in the side-show, which was, perhaps, the best part of the circus—the beautiful tatooed lady being the favorite. And after the evening’s performance, the company, escorted to the depot by the same reception committee, took their departure amidst many sad adieus. They had all made lots of friends during their short sojourn here, and

had never been accorded such a grand reception as we had given them.

The baseball candidates had been practising steadily since February, and now the team was practically selected, and quite a number of games had been played. They went to New York about this time, to play one of their scheduled games, and Doggy, having made the nine, was, of course, taken along. Upon their arrival in New York he found that they had several hours before the game, so he decided to run over to Fifth Avenue and call on an acquaintance, whom he knew very well. The lady in question resides on this avenue in the neighborhood of Fiftieth Street, about as swell a location as anyone would wish to have. All we know about the family is, that after having lived in the rural districts of Virginia for many years, they suddenly moved to New York and secured a beautiful mansion in the heart of Fifth Avenue. His ring was promptly answered, the lady was in, and hardly had his card been delivered, when there was a rustle of skirts in the hall, and in another moment she had made her *entrée*, attired in a very pretty tea-gown. "Excuse this *nom-de-plume*, Tom," she began; "but I have been sitting in my room all morning watching the people pass *pro and con*." "Oh, that's all right," said Doggy; "that's all right. Don't worry about your gown—I didn't come to see that, but only you." The conversation turned on all the topics of the day and time. Had she been to any ball games this season? No? Well, then she ought to go to one. Had she been to the Cat Show? Yes? Well, how did she enjoy it? And which was her favorite—the Irish Setter or the pair of English Hackneys? So they talked—and finally the last resort was resorted to. "Do you intend going abroad this summer?" asked Doggy. "I believe the folks are going," was the reply; "but I am not. *Terra-cotta* is good enough for me." About two minutes after that they were bid-

ding each other "olive oil," and Doggy was expressing the hope that he would see her soon again ; but he has since made other acquaintances, and prefers these to the former ones.

Newport and Princeton stand by themselves in the tennis line. It is the fashion to play tennis, and who is there that dares to say : "Princeton is not in the fashion." As the baseball candidates begin practice in the cage, so do the tennis fiends begin their game in front of Reunion. The College Offices are the net, and the flagstone walk the *fault*-line. Mike Elmer says that this practice strengthens the wrist, gives experience in "serving," makes one most agile, and gives excellent practice in "returning." The egotist does not know enough about this to criticise Mike's view, so he'll let it stand on its merits, venturing only to say that if these things do hold, Mike ought to be a much better player than he really is. The courts on Bayard Avenue are very good ones, and are much used by the entire College. But now that the fellows had tennis courts, the town people decided that they would have to have them, too ; so they formed "The West End Tennis Association," and had beautiful courts laid out at the foot of Steadman Street. Hither our girls—of whom we are duly proud—would gather every afternoon, either to play or to watch those who were playing, and ere long it became a regular social gathering. Pa ! Ha ! Just what we had been aching for for so long a time ! We had had "no place to go, but out ; no place to come, but in ;" nothing to do, but *do* ; nothing to look, but at ; nothing to see, but air ; and nothing to feel, but of. And now what a change ! What a difference in the evening ! Now we had a place to go, we had something to do, girls to look at, hence a great deal to see, and we had *hands* to feel which felt like felt !

'Twas a bright, sunny afternoon in May, birds were singing, trees were in blossom and the little yellow dandelions were just beginning to peep from the rich green of the meadows.

Never since the year One was there a more perfect day. It made you forget your trials and tribulations ; it filled you with boundless joy and unconfined felicity, and it made you rejoice that you were at Princeton, and not at Harvard or the University of Penn. Thus filled with exuberant ecstasy Lea Kennedy strutted over to a young lady's house and asked if she would'nt like to walk out to "West End " to watch a few games of tennis, and she quickly accepted, being proud to go with such an honorable man as Lea. They watched a few "sets," and then started for a short walk across country, but finding it much warmer than they had expected, soon sat down to take a rest. Without any premonition whatever, Lea immediately reached over as if to pluck a dandelion, but—horror of horrors !—he plucked a kiss—the kiss of sorrow. For with lightning rapidity she collected her strength and exerted—perhaps extended—it, so that when Lea removed his physiognomy he found it was covered with blood. Now the "West End " is too good for him, and so he's gone over to the "East Side " to escape the story which was going "all around the town."

You are just as bad as H₂O Brown, Lea; every bit as bad. You know Harry had his eye hurt in our Freshman year snow-ball fight, and we thought his wounded eye was an excuse of the past, until this spring, when he returned from New York with the same in bandages. No one could get any satisfaction from him as to what was the cause of the new trouble, but the History afterwards learned this fact: that Harry had recently called on a friend in New York who was much interested in him, and who always inquired about that injured eye. She had done likewise on this visit, and had been told that it was just about the same, and that that lump was still there. "Why Harry," she cried, "what lump? You never told me a word about it. Where is it? Let me feel," which she did after much ado on the part of H₂O. But instead of feeling it tenderly, as she ought to

have done, she had become so nervous that she rammed her finger far into his eye, injured the bone-bruise which was still there, and, what a pity, she had consequently blinded her Harry for a while. You'll both learn what women are some day, and then we hope you'll know how to act when with them.

On the 3d and 4th of May the *Dramatic Association* again presented "The Honorable Julius Cæsar, or "The Kind King; The Keen Conspirators; The Kute Kids; The Krafty Kops, and the Killing Klimax." The cast (or thrown at the audience) was composed in a large degree of men from our class, who had the most important parts. There was Chillicothe Smith, "a Konspirator; real tough; he drinks beer and gets pensums." And *Augustus Cæsar* "Tatcher," "tuffern-can-be;" Jack Frame, as *Artemidorus*, "star juggler extraordinary and comet-tosser plenipotentary;" "Ducky" Teal as *Vasolini* or Petroleum Jelly—prepared expressly for Medicinal and Toilet purposes by the Cheseborough Manufacturing Company, price ten cents—was the "smooth singer from the Coliseum"; Bob Inch as *Julia Cæsar*, graceful (?) in a feat of feet—"koy, kute and kittenish, a regular tutti-frutti." We have no time for Rock of Agens or Frank Morse, the *Didascalìa*, according to Terence, tells us not to mind the former and that the latter is perfectly harmless. Now, in preparing for this performance, the same Robert A. Inch had a good opportunity of *bracing* himself for his future married life. In the capacity of *Julia Cæsar* he was, of course, compelled to wear stockings, and the Boston elastics which he always uses, would not hold these in place, as he thought; so he dropped in at Waite's and asked for elastic, but as the men's department did not contain that article, he was referred to the ladies' counter, and was waited upon by a sweet young Miss. "I wish some elastic," Bobby began, his nerves weakening rapidly, "some elastic." "Yes, sir; and what kind do you wish?" "Oh, any old kind," was the answer, which conveyed no meaning at all to

the saleslady, but left her all the more perplexed. "Do you wish it wide or narrow? Perhaps I can then tell what you want and show it to you. For what purpose do you want it?" she asked. "I want it for a pair of er-gat-er-gaiters. Oh! yes, you know," he kittenishly replied. "And how much will you have?" was the query. "Oh, *three and a-half yards* will be enough, I think," he answered, and receiving the elastic, left the store. He made the articles—found that three and a-half yards was plenty; in fact, enough to make several pair of *gaiters*, that the stockings remained firmly in place, and was fully convinced that the young lady behind the counter didn't know what he was after, after all.

The Senior Assembly and the Harvard game were the two next grand successes. Lots of us went to the Senior dance and enjoyed it thoroughly. And the Harvard game was, if anything, more than enjoyable, for though not so awfully exciting, it was interesting to watch, as it added another victory to our long list. 12-5 was the story of the afternoon. And now that we had defeated Harvard, the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association thought it a good scheme to send some of our best representative men up to Exeter to talk with the athletes of that school, with a view of getting some of them to come to Princeton the next September. Hank Bissell and Ed Munn were selected as the two *best representative* men, so they set out for Cambridge with heads high and feathers spread in true peacock fashion. They naturally expected a large crowd, brass bands, four-in-hands and the like to meet them upon their arrival; however, no such glory awaited them—they only arrived as common, every-day travellers. Their business over, they returned, much pleased with their trip and confident that in the fall we would see many athletes from Exeter here, for they had seen every man on the team but *one*, and they understood that he was not going to college. "But, alas and alack! when we came back" we found that the only man who had come was the

only *one* they had *not* seen ; whereupon our opinion of Biss and Ed as representative men was considerably lowered.

And now that the Dramatic Association had had their pictures taken, Vaseline—I mean Vasolini, the “smooth singer from the Coliseum”—went to New York for the second time to get his pictures, for which so many people had been anxiously waiting. He entered Pack’s and approached the lady behind the counter. “Are my pictures done?” he asked, with a naughty little twinkle in his eye. “I do not know, Mr. Teal, but will find out if you will just wait a minute,” she naïvely replied, and at the same time departed on her errand. Left by himself, he set to musing. “Thunder ! how does that girl know me ? I’ve never met her. I’ve only been here once before, and there’ve been hundreds of people here since then, and yet she calls me ‘Mr. Teal.’ I don’t give a darn, so when she comes back I’m going to ask her just for fun.” So when she returned with the photographs in hand, Arthur bravely began, “When I entered the studio, you called me ‘Mr. Teal’. Now, how do you know who I am ?” “Ah, Mr. Teal,” she quickly replied, her face radiant with delight ; “I recognized you by those same devilish eyes !” Arthur himself told this story to the History, so that he would be sure to have his name in this little book ; and now, I trust, his lofty (?) desires are satisfied.

Our June examinations came and were over before we could realize it. Though Yale had won the ball game played at New Haven, we defeated her here, and so the tie-off had to be played in Brooklyn, and this was won by Yale, much to our sorrow. The Caledonian games proved no better for us than they had done before—Walter Lord won the 120 yards hurdle, Jack Caton the mile run, and Knox Taylor throwing the hammer ; while Spider McNulty got second in 100 yards dash, James a second in the 220 yards hurdle, Smead a second in the mile walk, and Knox again a second in putting 16-pound shot, and a

few others got thirds, of which they are very proud. The majority of us remained over for Commencement, realizing that next year would end our College course, and we wanted to see exactly how things were done.

The third year of our course was, I believe, the most enjoyable one we had yet experienced, and we firmly believed that Senior year could not be more pleasant, more fruitful of good games than Junior year had been. So rapidly did this year pass that we could not recall what we had done from time to time; all that we could remember was that we had had a most delightful voyage, there had been only two examination storms, most everybody on board had been well, we had had a swift passage, and now we had landed at another harbor, to go for a few months on the dry dock; and then, after having been refitted and repaired, we were to start on the last voyage which the old ship could take. We gave each other good-bye just as we did "way back in Freshman year," we heard the Seniors sing for the last time as such, and then we went from this princely town "to own the lilies slender," and to sing songs of championship and glory until we should return again.

Where, Oh where, are the stately Juniors?

Where, Oh where, are the stately Juniors?

Where, Oh where, are the stately Juniors?

Safe now in the Senior Class.

They've gone out from Magie's Physics,

They've gone out from Magie's Physics,

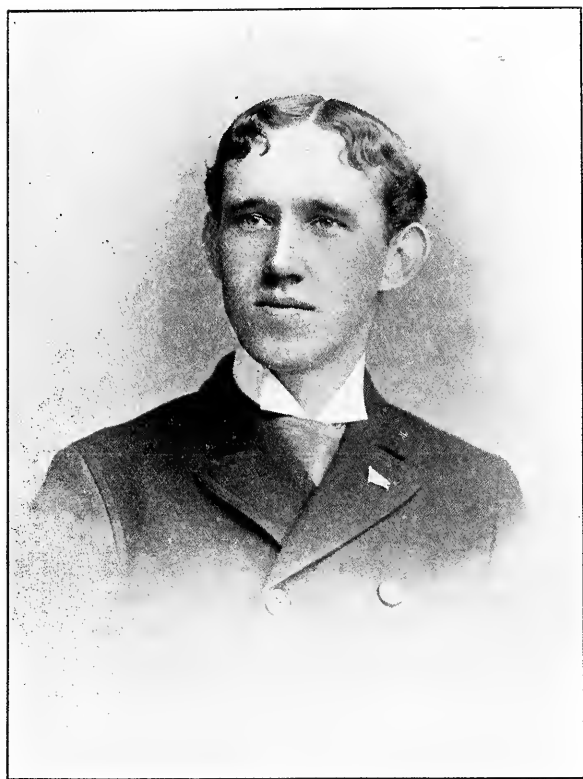
They've gone out from Magie's Physics,

Safe now in the Senior Class.

Another of our beloved classmates preceded us to his heavenly home during this summer vacation.

The Senior Class of Princeton, with deepest sorrow mourn the sudden death of their classmate, Edward Bowne Kenyon. By a life of Christian kindness and sympathy, he won the love and respect of all around him. While God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to close his career so early in life, by removing him from our midst, we feel that the memory of his Christian life and work shall ever follow us as an influence for that which is noblest, truest and highest. We desire to express our feeling of profound grief in his loss by resolving that this public expression be printed in *The Daily Princetonian*, and by conveying to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their sad and sudden affliction.

ARTHUR R. TEAL,
JACOB S. OTTO,
W. DOUGLAS WARD,
Chairman.



EDWARD BOWNE KENYON,
DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON AUGUST 3, 1894.

CHAPTER IV.

Senior Year.

WE returned to College after a most enjoyable Summer and began the last year of our course in Princeton on Wednesday, September 19, 1894. Senior Year, the Freshman's anticipation, the Senior's participation! The last, the highest rung on Princeton's ladder. It was the same, yet different from our preceding years. Why, when Lady Nelson came here in Freshman year and heard the fellows talking about "Princeton buttons" he couldn't comprehend what they meant, but conceived the idea that the tailors put orange buttons on Princeton men's suits, blue on Yale men's clothes, and crimson ones on Harvard's well-dressed fellows. As "gay, young Sophomores" we had lots to do in taking care of the charge entrusted to us by the Faculty; "Stately Juniors," and we led the Freshmen to victory and glory; and now as "grave, old Seniors" we have reached the summit of the hill, and looking forward we see a short plateau where everything is bright and beautiful, then declivities and valleys; mountains and mountain streams almost unfordable lay farther in the distance, and then way back in the horizon there is a beautiful, rolling country, where the sun is sinking behind the knolls and where a serene quiet and calmness seems to rest on all. "Let joy be unconfined! Let merriment hold sway!" says the prophet, while we journey across this level country and before we start on the hard, battling road

of life. *Garçon*, bring on the deep red Bacchus—the very best; that which was put in the earthen jars many years ago, and now is surely ready for use. Make haste, boy! “Club”-sandwiches for all. Cigars, too, and cigarettes! Revelry and jollity shall hold forth for another year, for whether as Seniors on campus or in class-room, Seniors on the ball-field or in chapel, or as Seniors on Nassau’s resounding steps, we intend to “make Rome howl” “while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say ‘I have no pleasure in them.’”

And yet we have many, many cares throughout this year, for as Seniors, dignified, reverend Seniors (supposed to be), toggled out in caps and gowns, the custodians of our great literary Halls, curators of the Philadelphian Society, editors of the *Lit.*—in short, the fundamental organ of the College—as such, I say, we have many and arduous cares. All mass meetings are called and ruled by us; for all communication between the Faculty and the undergraduate body we are the medium; we are the admonishers and advisers; we represent the College in all athletic conferences; the town-folk bow and make obeisance to us; the Princeton Inn has a special “Table for the Class of '95”; visitors stand aside and gaze in wonder and amazement as the black-robed throng passes by; the work of our Senior Year is recorded by the Juniors in the *Bric-à-brac*; to us the Sophomores give a farewell reception; examinations are over, and lo! Commencement is here. But stop! We hasten. Let us reflect.

The three years through which we had passed had made quite a change in our natures. I admit that we were not the same punctilious Freshmen who had entered thirty-six months before. We were not green and ignorant-like, we were not terrified, nor did we worry over the initiative, which the Faculty had taken, in registration. The excess over our gratuity of three cuts rata per day caused not the slightest alarm—we came back whenever we saw fit. And the fact that this gratuity had been

reduced to fourteen cuts—chapel choir-warblers eighteen—was received by us with utter *sang-froid*. What did it matter to us how many cuts the Faculty gave? Didn't they know that we would take as many as we wanted? Why we laughed at the word *pensum*. We Cajo[l]ed the £ maker *the Tutor*; and we smiled a broad ha! ha! at the College officers. Very few of us take these pensums when they are given—"where there's a will there's a way"—but those who do, say that they are highly beneficial. Even Huntington—yes, Hunny, our experienced financier and diplomat; Hunny, our authority on the track; Hunny on *The Princetonian*, and Hunny, the shining planet, not to speak of his satellites—even this great and magnanimous Huntington says that they are an excellent thing: "for they prepare you for an examination better than anything I know of." But on the other hand Kid Andrews vouches that they are most useless, and are only another means of increasing the Faculty's income. Oh! President Prexy Patton! Why do you tell us a dozen times a year that though it takes ten chapels to accommodate the students, and though religion goes resounding through the corridors of our dormitories, *Never* will optional chapel be granted so long as you are the head of this institution. No! not if every man in College pockets the *Daily Morning Princetonian* as he touches the Chapel's threshold. No! not if every man in College bows his head in prayer and rises for the singing of the hymn. And No! *No!* not even if every soul in College refuses to look at the girls in the gallery. Oh! Dr. Francis Landey Patton, F.D., LL.D., P.D., Q.D., Leipsic, Heidelberg, Moscow, Tokio, Pekin and Princeton; grant us optional chapel, we beseech you. Then will Marquand chapel's doors be crowded, even though services begin at 6 A.M., and all around you men will bend a subservient knee.

Insomnia, deafness, nervousness, disinclination to wash, saporiferousness, dizziness before breakfast, heart-trouble,

swollen feet which would not permit shoes to go on, and neuralgia in the fingers every morning—all these apologies and many others have been presented to the Faculty “most ancient in renown,” by distinguished celebrities of our class as excuses from chapel. Open, wide-eyed Phœbe Speer was relieved from chapel—*Insomnia!* Clarence Porter was sorely afflicted with optical meningitis, and consequently couldn't hear the bell. Howard Colby sprained his ankle playing billiards with the result that he could not tie his cravat, and without this neatly knotted you couldn't pay Howard to leave his room. But the climax was reached when Frank Morse, in guileful innocence, presented this note:

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY:

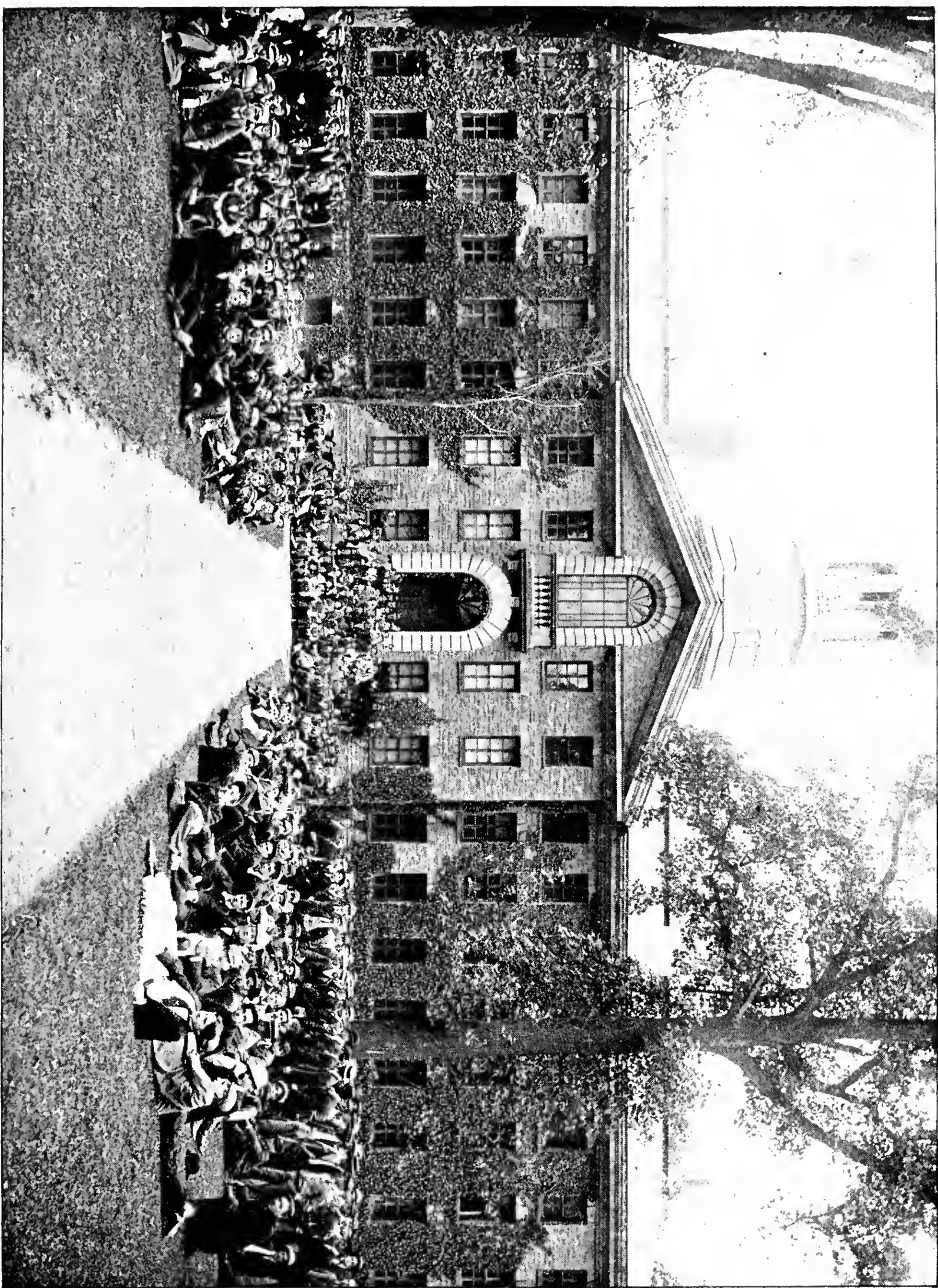
Dear Sirs:—Mr. Franklin B. Morse has been receiving treatment for the gout during the last few months. Though a remarkable phenomenon in the history of medicine, it is nevertheless a fact that during the night his pedal organs invariably enlarge—due, no doubt, to the fact that he writes “Gossip” for the *Lit.*—and do not return to their normal size until the sun generates enough heat to counteract this dilatation; which time, I would say, is about 9 A.M.

Very respectfully yours,

DR. REBGEN.

And there are others; large and square sons of Old Nassau—you can't always tell—who do these very same things. Psh! Psh! Psh! Toot, toot. We're way ahead of schedule time, so let's slow up.

The Geological Expedition, which had set out for the Bad Lands in June had now returned, laden with earthly spoils. They had discovered many species of rocks, had noted many phenomena, and had marked striking characteristics which Marsh, Cope, and other great explorers had failed to see. For the trip: Porky Brooks jumped off at every station and tried to steal the belts which encircled the maidens' waists; Dick Brown made the Indians sick by blowing cigarette smoke in



"THE SENIORS HOLD THE STEPS TO-NIGHT!"

their faces, and when he sampled their calumet the fellows say he was rather *malade* for the next few days; John Garrett knew so much about everything that the red men called him "Ze Pifessor," the name which he now holds among us; Walter Moses knew everything about horses, and could ride any pony in the West—until the cowboys gave him one which "didn't do a thing" to him; and then Charlie Hamilton, our magpie bagpipe, tried funny games with some of the squaws, whereupon the descendants of Pontiac had funny games with Charlie. You know all about it, Hamy, don't you? They didn't sing "Oh, dat Ham-bone am sweet" to you, did they? Luckily none of the fellows were killed, though Ed Munn dashed down a jagged precipice after a bottle of "Paul Jones" which proved to be empty, and in his endeavor to get this he killed two horses, the only two which gave out on the whole trip of twelve hundred miles; Runt Hodge carried a piece of iron piping through the entire journey, the only means he had of getting his horse out of a walk; Ray Garrett, who seemed to be in love, was always by himself, either two miles ahead or two behind the party; and Tom Pierson, who thinks himself the best dancer in College, started to teach some cowboys' sweethearts how to dance the *deux temps*, but so awkward was he that his spurs "spiked" a lady on the *tibia* (= ?) and had it not been for the intercessions of the other fellows, Tom certainly would have been killed then and there by that lady's admirer. No wonder that we were glad to see them back and welcome them once more into the land of civilization. Beards were shaved, hands and faces were washed for the first time in ninety days, and decent clothing was put on as they bowed before the portals of Old Nassau.

The summer months saw our Class scattered over all parts of the globe. Ausbury Park contained many of us, but the most prominent one was Robert Inch, the great soloist. Why, Pat Murphy and Willie Phillips went down to Ausbury one day, and

saw, to their amazement, this N. B. hanging in all the hotel corridors :

GRAND MINSTRELS!
8.30 TO-NIGHT.
ROBERT A. INCH,
Princeton's Comic Soloist, is the Great End Man.
EVERYBODY COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS.
...HOTEL CURDEL...

Some had gone to Europe, some to the mountains, and some to the country. The football team had gone to Quogue, but now all had returned with funny stories. There wasn't a man on the football squad who didn't get mixed up in some queer game, though all of them deny this—it's natural, you know. Doggy met a few friends, so did Ralph Hoagland, and so did Harold McCormick. Oh, Harold, you fickle, flying, flirt! When the time came for leaving Quogue, of course, everybody was making engagements for every hour of the day and night, and among those whose time was wholly occupied was Harold, dear, innocent (?) Harold. Well, one of his appointments was with a very nice young lady; in fact, the most popular girl at Quogue. A very close acquaintance had sprung up between them, and,

to be candid, the friendship was mutual. Weary in spirit and sad at heart, "good-night and good-bye" were said at 11 P.M. on the last night of the team's stay at the shore, and before returning to Princeton. The one sought her room, which happened to be on the ground floor directly across the court from the servants' quarters, but she could not sleep, so nervous and excited was she. The other, thinking, soliloquizing, building castles in the air, sought the porch where he could cool his fevered brow and steady his trembling nerves. Thus hours rolled by, the moon had reached her meridian in the heavens, the deadness of night calmly and peacefully rested on all;—he looked at his watch: "Ah, it is time!" What a change, what a metamorphosis, one woman, even a household maid, can make in the soul of man! To the servants' quarters Harold repaired to give Nora her good-bye. They met at the corner of the court right beside *the other one's* window and this is what *she* heard:

NORA—Harold, dear Harold, must you go away to-morrow? Must you leave me here—alone?

HAROLD—Don't speak that way, little Nora. It's as hard for me as for you. But I must go.

NORA—Well, dear one, I will be as brave as I can; but will you ever think of me, Harold? I, who am only a maid, only a maid!

HAROLD—You know I'll remember you, darling. I'll write to you very soon. But now we must part—I have broken training for you, for it's almost three o'clock and we're supposed to retire at eleven. So good-bye, Nora, my little peach, good-bye. (Tutt, tutt.)

NORA—(Sobbing.) Good-bye, Harold, my sweetest sugar plum, good-bye. Not so tight, Harold, not so tight.

They part, throwing kisses across the court.

The *other one* forgets her friendship, forgets Harold, forgets everything, and is dreaming of some other man, some other.

“So it's all over now,
And they've gone far away,
And the wild winds moan,
In a sad, sobbing tone,
And it's all over now.”

Now we watched Freshmen and Sophomores; we gazed at the proud Juniors, and we wondered if we had been like them. Now we looked at things from the Seniors' standpoint and, Oh! how everything had changed. Old friends had gone, old scenes of Freshmen hilarity and recreation were covered with buildings, dear Professors had been called to their heavenly home and new ones had come to take their places; and so with changes all around us, changes on the north, on the south, on the east and on the west, and with only our dear old class the same in spirit as it had always been, the journey of our Senior year began.

Yes, some of us had to come early and take examinations just as we had done when verdant Freshmen. Yes, we had all to subscribe for *The Lit.* and *The Tiger*, and those who had not done so for *The Princetonian* had to fill out contracts now. The Philadelphia Society—our Y. M. C. A.—was collecting past dues, and securing subscriptions for the Forman Fund. Oh, no! we were not as green as in Freshman year. Did any of us pay Hungry Golden a dollar for taking our trunks to our rooms? Did any of us hustle around to find a place to sleep when Senior year opened? Ah, no! We came back in a quiet non-chalant way. No one made a fuss over us, no one seemed to care. Every one was accustomed to us, all knew us—naturally, they expected us back. Why when the Freshmen entered last September, Dr. and Mrs. Patton gave them a grand reception, the Y. M. C. A. flung open its doors and fed them on ice-cream and cake, and both Whig and Clio had opened their portals, while their Neophytes cried “Come in, come in! Sit down, sit

down!" Way back in our Freshman year similar things had occurred, only that as the President and his wife happened to be away, we feared we would not be favored with the time-honored custom of a reception. But how different we felt! What a change came over us when we received invitations to a reception at Mrs. Garrett's! Do you remember the night those invitations came? Do you remember what a commotion they created? Why Joe Green came running up to my room as soon as he had received his "bid," wildly excited and much vaunted, wondering if any of the other fellows had been invited. It's all right, Joe, you come from Syracuse and so we'll have to excuse you.

And, fellows, from the day that Mrs. Garrett gave us that reception, until this present hour she has been a gracious benefactress to our class. Her kind notes to the Faculty have saved many of us from trouble, and her interest in the Athletic and Musical Organizations and in the College in general has endeared her to all of us. I take this means of expressing to Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett the sincere thanks of the Class of 'Ninety-Five for the benevolence, the kind hospitality, and the open-hearted generosity, which she has extended to all of us, and which we all so much appreciate.

Have you travelled? Have you crossed this broad Continent of ours from shore to shore? No? Well then you don't know the amount of good that Payne's Celery Compound is doing in the West. Hundreds of souls have been converted lately and are now using it before wakening and after somnambulating. It is very much like the effect of Hirshfield—I mean Northfield—in the East. We've all (?) been to Northfield and know exactly what it's like—beautiful drives; rich, green fields, azure skies, good sermons, and nice girls. Daniel Webster White and Benjamin Franklin Butler—perhaps, two of the greatest celebrities, two of the brightest, keenest minds on our roll—hied them-

selves to the "North" to see what good they could do. Now this was during our summer vacation, and we would never have known a thing about it, nor would it have appeared in these pages had not one of Dan's letters, from a certain lady who was also at Northfield, gone astray, and landed in Deacon White's room. Unintentionally it was opened and read;—some suspicious passages were found, and finally this story was pumped out of Dan. He and Ben had gone to Northfield to spend a week or so and had taken quite a lot of money with them, so as to treat the girls "white." Everything went lovely until the last afternoon of their stay, when their great popularity became the source of all trouble. Two sweet "feminines" suggested that it would be a lovely thing to take a drive, and they pressed the matter so that the boys simply couldn't get out of it even though they had but \$2 apiece, not counting their small change. They had a drive such as it was, but neither of them seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, for the *rig* was \$3.50 for the afternoon, and that weighed quite heavily on their minds. So upon the return good-byes were said and the fellows started—for where? The last train to any place had gone, there was no way of leaving the burg, and by actual count they had but sixty-six cents with return tickets to New York. This is what they did: each took thirty-three cents. They then proceeded to a saloon where each bought a glass of beer, and handing these over to a tramp near-by they proceeded to a "free lunch" supper. For twenty-five cents apiece a coachman left them sleep in the harness-room of his stable,—James Garfield slept in a stable—and so wrapped in 5-A blankets they passed the night serenely. For breakfast they bought six-cents worth of ginger snaps and ravenously devoured these. Some hours later they arrived in New York, hungry, forlorn, and weary, and each sought the nearest *alley*—not avenue—to the rear entrance of his home. Northfield's a nice place, isn't it?

We were greatly surprised to hear, shortly after our return, that Walter Moses had changed his name and address, and we found that his letters came to Mr. Walter Garrett, No. 3 Stockton Street, Princeton.

No one could account for the change, and no one seemed to know why it had been changed, so Walter was bored and bored, and questioned and questioned until life became such a burden to him that he decided to renew his old name. Walter, you should remember that though you take breakfast with John Garrett, luncheon with Ray, dinner with John, and then poll till eleven with Ray, yet you are not one of them and should not try to adopt their name. Lancaster people won't like you any more if you don't come there as pure and simple Walter Moses.

About this time a great commotion was caused in the class by the arrival of Charles Clement Cresson, Jr., from San Antonio, Texas. He had killed many wild bison during the summer; he had spent night after night on the plains and had faced all the dangers known to them. He had saved many lives throughout the summer, for which his name appeared in the weekly paper, and then he started for Princeton, by way of Chicago, where he stopped off to attend a very swell reception. He met any amount of girls—pretty girls, too—and they thought Cress a mighty nice fellow; but here's what one told him; "Indeed, I do know your name." "Well, what is it?" he asked. "Why, it's Crescent—no, that isn't it, either. It's—oh, yes, Crystal; that's it, Crystal. I knew it was something sparkling." Puzzle: find the joke. You are sparkling, Cress, and there is no use denying that fact. You sparkled after we won the championship last year, and you sparkled when we defeated Penn., but then there are times when you don't sparkle, and these are quite often, too.

By this time things were in good running order, in fact they

had been so some time, so to relieve the monotony of affairs, Messrs. Harding, Howe, Neill and Payne went to New York to spend a Sunday, and registered at the Sturtevant House. Of these, I would say that the best behaved is Chris Payne, following him I would put Sam Howe, and, to me, Billy Neill and John Harding are about on a par, for although you can draw distinctions between them, the one's merits about equal the other's demerits, or vice versa. Well, Billy and Chris got a room together, and John and Sam got theirs adjoining, all prepared to have a good time. John watched the clerk assign the rooms 851 and 853; and though 851 had been assigned to Payne and Neill, John and Sam occupied it, and the other two took 853. 851 ordered drinks galore; 853 never touched the bell, for though Billy wanted to, Chris wouldn't allow it, and that ended the matter. 851 had breakfast served in their room, a fire built, more beverages, and finally a carriage; 853 had none of these. When Monday morning came 851 left on the early train, after having paid the bill of \$6.00 charged to Harding and Howe. Then, later, Chris and Billy came down to pay their bill, but, alas! it was \$20.00, and they hadn't anywhere near that amount.

"It must be a mistake," said Chris, "We hadn't any such priced room as that." "No," replied the clerk, "you hadn't, but when drinks and meals are served in rooms, and a carriage is hired for three hours, it don't take long for a bill to reach twenty dollars."

Explanations were then forthcoming, and they discovered that they had been in the wrong room. So, after hunting up some Titusville alumni who were in New York, they paid the *wrong* bill and then came home. Settlements were then called for and paid, and though nothing was lost by the operation, Chris and Billy haven't forgotten it yet.

I have often wondered why Seniors play class championship

games with the other classes, for they are so exalted and dignified that it seems almost too great a condescension to endure. However, we started in to do or die for the championship. We played our games with the experience and confidence of veterans. We won all our games until we faced the Sophomores, and then we absquatulated. There is no doubt but that we would have won this, too, if Baron Barr had only had enough sense to remove his hand from the path of a red-hot liner, but his wits failed him, and consequently he got a broken finger and could not pitch. Hence, we lost the game. It was a very unfortunate accident, as we had the game "pinched" until we were thus crippled, and as Baron was the only good pitcher we had—that is, the only good one among our regularly catalogued men—we were heavily handicapped and could not possibly win.

But baseball was only a molecule, only an iota in the greater things that were to follow. We took heart as we sent our faithful liege, Juawd Hewwick, to New Haven, to compete in the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Tournament. When the news was received here that he had defeated Foote, and had played three very exciting sets with Budlong, many tongues were set a-wagging, loudly exclaiming, "Wonder of wonders! what will happen next?" But those of us who were Seniors simply laughed at such ridiculous talk, for we knew that Gerard was a master-hand at tennis, and that there were few people in the country his equal.

Now we went to the 'Varsity Field almost every day and watched football practice with the quick and accurate eye of Seniors. The boys, much benefited by their work at Quogue, were much farther advanced than ever before, and were playing hard football, considering that it was so early in the season. They seemed to be in good condition, their playing was of the gilt-edged order; and they played with the snap and vim which we thought characterized another championship, and we did not hesitate to say so.

And not only did we watch 'Varsity football practice, but we took great interest in our class team. Wilfrid Hager was our Captain, and a very good one he made. We talked with the other classmen about our team as contradistinguished from theirs, and even though we were Seniors we "wagered with him pieces of gold." We practised on the 'Varsity Field, we used the 'Varsity's footballs, and we were even taken care of by the 'Varsity's "rubbers;" while the other classes practised on the *ground* back of Witherspoon, used our cast-off footballs, and for "rubbers" I understand that they "rubbed" each other. Be that as it may, we won the championship too easily. '96 was easy, '97 not so easy, and '98 most easy; so, you see, we had the games practically won before we even played them. We cheered quite lustily when the games were over for the '95 champions, for Captain Hager, and for the players individually; who were: Craig, Pease, McColl, G. White, H. Garrett, Reynolds, Cooke, Brooks, Sinnickson, Walker, James and Hager. And now everything seemed, as Sis Van Sellar would say, "just too lovely for anything." But there was one thing which marred our boundless joy.

In University Hall there is a suite of rooms renowned for the perfect order that is always maintained there; talked about among the hall ladies for its tidiness—Mrs. Lying vouching that "Sakes alive! ye am the cleanest gentlemen in college"—noted among the janitors for the good tobacco used there, and among the colored preachers for the small contributions which its occupants give to the Witherspoon Street M. E. Church, though this item goes home on their accounts quite frequently. The occupants of this illustrious room are Clarence Mitchell Hamilton, and the aforesaid, above-mentioned, and again repeated, Wilfrid Matchin Hager, both honorable men. I do not know what could have been the matter with Clare the night after we won the championship, unless he was either carried away with the joy

that his class team, of which his room-mate was the captain, had won, or else that he had been over to the Princeton Inn to see some new steins lately put there; at all events, he did some very funny things. About midnight, weary, forlorn and covered with mud, he arrived at Walter Lord's room, and, upon being admitted, spied, within a minute, a beautiful stuffed crane upon the mantle. During the years gone by, Clare had seen this same bird perhaps a thousand times, but had never thought to molest it; but now, to-night, that he had been at the Inn and had pocketed the salt, pepper and "Tobasco sauce" bottles, it occurred to him that surely he ought to catch it. So, as he started to climb the high mantel over the fireplace, he thus soliloquized: "Oh, you dear little birdie; you long-legged, long-necked, agile-backed birdie, how I want to catch you. Oh birdie, birdie, 'way up there, I don't like you; not I, Clare. But I want you; come down to me. No? Then will I come up to thee. Come, little birdie, you short-billed little birdie, come to me." But the crane was deaf to all this pleading, so Clare scaled the woodwork, *grabbed* the bird by the neck, threw ingredients on its tail, and at the same time remarked: "I guess you won't fly now, little birdie, will you?" Then he fell to the floor, exhausted.

Who said Stuffy Bone was in love? I heard Arthur Dunn talking about it, Dan Dexter vouching for it, and Jim Crawford swearing that it was so; but Stuffy will not affirm it, nor will he deny it. He accused Furnajieff of spreading the report that he was engaged to a beautiful Stony Brook damsel, and so incensed was he that he almost challenged Furney to a duel. Now, W. Jno. Bone is, and has been for a couple of years, the charming Professor of the Young Ladies' Sunday-school Class at Stony Brook, where he is much respected and *loved by one* and all. Likewise does Billy think a great deal of the people of Stony Brook and of his class, in which he takes the greatest pride; so much so, in fact, that he braves the five-mile walk every Sunday

in "sunshine and in rainy weather" *merely* (?) for the sake of instructing his class, remembering well how Shakespeare said: "Ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." So things have been going for a couple of years; and no person could have found fault with Stuffy had it not been for a festival which took place in the latter part of April, and of that you'll hear later. At present I want to refer you to the Philadelphia *Press*.

Football, the most brutish game that ever existed, was now "on the turf." "Hallo, Teddy Huntington!" "Hallo!" "Going to football practice?" "Yes, in about half-an-hour." "Well, hallo, Archie Seaver! Are you going over?" "Yes, Willie, in about twenty minutes." "All right, I'll wait for you both." 17, 80, 11, 104, x, y, z = who is it? If you can't guess, even you, Dick Farries, you ought to be refused your diploma. * * * We all went to see 'Varsity practice now, for this was the last week before the gates were closed, and the *Princetonian* bulletin read:

'VARSITY PRACTICE SECRET THIS WEEK.

The week passed uneventfully, and when Saturday came we had made all arrangements to go to Trenton. To Trenton? To the Fair? Oh, no; but just to the Fair grounds. To "swipe" signs? No, we had passed that stage long ago. We went there solely for the purpose of "swiping" the University of Pennsylvania. Well, what did we do? Go to Philadelphia and parade the streets? Not quite. We had lots to do here in Princeton, so we came back. Walk? Very near it; but the Pennsylvania Railroad was so good as to sell cheap excursion tickets, and so we were able to ride. Yes; it is a beautiful ride from Trenton to Princeton. Meadows and hills, scenery, rolling country. Lots to talk about, but did we talk? "Penn's neck?" Well, hardly. Came a great deal nearer ours. "Canal?" Oh,

thunder, yes! Let's drown ourselves. "Princeton?" No bells ringing? No band to meet us? Oh, I awake from fairy dreams! We were * * * * Yes, we were. Come, let's go over to Dohm's, and then we'll sleep *it* off.

Some who didn't go to Dohm's went over to the Inn, and among them was Leigh Wyman. Everybody tried to jolly up, and sing songs, and laugh, and eat, and drink, and be merry. Speeches were in demand, and foremost among the few most sought for was the violinist. Perk was master of ceremonies, so as the cries for "Wyman, Woman—Wyman" still increased, he arose and introduced, with a very celubrious introduction, Mr. Leigh Wyman. The mob howled and shouted—the great "Woman" was going to speak. From his chair he arose slowly, as it were, full of thought and meditation; his trousers were shook into place, his arms were folded across his chest, and he stood firm and resolute. With the eye of a Lincoln, a Grant, or a Topley he took in his audience, then he twitched the threadbare growth on his upper lip, and began: "Gentlemen, there is only one thing which I have to say, only one thought that I can bring before you, and that is '**RATS!!**'" If he had said "snakes" it would have been different, but no person saw the joke, if it was intended for one, so Leigh left the Grill Room; and now, if you mention rats, or mice, or any animal of that species to him, I advise you to look out for a stone, a brick, a book, or whatever happens to be nearest him.

More secret practice, and then the Yale game. How unfortunate it was that it rained! You know we had a clear-weather team developed for this game, but for the U. of P. we had had perfected a soak-in-water team. But things just got reversed; either Jack McMasters got his dates mixed in the weather, or else the coaches forgot which game was to be played first. At all events, we had a rattling good team, but the style of weather didn't suit our style of play, and this was plainly evident to any-

one who saw the game. It certainly was hard luck. What was? That it it rained? Oh, yes, that was a trifle disappointing, but we didn't care how much water rained; the thing that troubled us was that Yale *reigned* and that we were soaked. "You bet your life?" No, we didn't do that, but we did bet all our "bones;" so many, in fact, that the Yale boys rolled around New York, on "cart-wheels." Then *when* we got back to Princeton Pat Riley and all "de Isaacs" from Trenton came to the campus gate to receive the goods which we put "in soak." A compound-fractured eclipse of the sun shadowed Princeton, with its *ennui* shadow, for the next few weeks. None of the heavenly bodies were visible; shadows, darkness and visions of Yale reigned supreme. Nevertheless, through all this the Musical Clubs kept up their practice—the Glee Club, with Charlie Carroll and others learning comic songs; the Banjo Club perfecting marches, jigs and the like; and the Mandolin Club playing with great expression and *éclat* Rubinstein's "Melody in F" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

On Tuesday night, December 11th, we held our Senior Class Elections in Examination Hall. Good order was preserved, though a dozen desks, twenty chairs and a few windows were broken. The following men were dragged (?) into office:

<i>President</i>	CHRISTY PAYNE, Titusville, Pa.
<i>Master of Ceremonies</i>	THOMAS G. TRENCHARD, Church Hill, Md.
<i>Secretary</i>	ANDREW C. IMBRIE, New York City.
<i>Class Orator</i>	HOWARD E. WHITE, New York City.
<i>Poet</i>	WILBUR M. URBAN, Tunkhannock, Pa.
<i>Historian</i>	JOHN F. WEISS, Harrisburg, Pa.
<i>Ivy Orator</i>	WILLIS H. BUTLER, New York City.
<i>Presentation Orator</i>	FRANKLIN B. MORSE, Tarrytown, N. Y.
<i>Prophet</i>	JOHN H. THACHER, Kansas City, Mo.
<i>Censor</i>	HARRY O. BROWN, Irwin, Pa.
<i>Washington's Birthday Orator</i>	JOHN S. FRAME, Troy, N. Y.
<i>Class of '76 Prize Debater</i>	B. L. HIRSHFIELD, Steubenville, O.

Nassau Herald Committee :

W. W. BEVERIDGE, Minaville, N. Y. W. H. MacCOLL, Caledonia, N. Y.
 J. S. CRAWFORD, Arch Spring, Pa. ARTHUR DUNN, Chicago, Ill.
 A. P. NEVIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ode Committee :

A. R. TEAL, Elizabeth, N. J. L. F. PEASE, Germantown, Pa.
 R. Z. HARTZLER, Northfield, Mass. L. C. WOODRUFF, Southington, Con.

Memorial Committee :

F. W. LEWIS, Wichita, Kan, V. K. IRVINE, Bedford, Pa.
 D. M. F. WEEKS, Webster, N. Y. D. F. PLATT, Englewood, N. Y.
 CLARENCE PORTER.

Class Day Committee :

J. S. OTTO, chairman, Buffalo, N. Y.	A. R. TEAL, Elizabeth, N. J.
A. F. HOLLY, Jr., New York City.	KNOX TAYLOR, Bound Brook, N. J.
W. D. WARD, Rochester, N. Y.	H. A. COLBY, New York City.
W. B. COOKE, Wheeling, W. Va.	J. S. BUNTING, Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE WHITE, Titusville, Pa.	L. F. PEASE, Germantown, Pa.
J. BLAIR, Jr., Scranton, Pa.	R. D. HATCH, Morristown, N. J.
H. A. McNULTY, South Orange, N. J.	T. S. HUNTINGTON, Columbus, O.
EDWARD MUNN, East Orange, N. J.	J. W. DECKER, Scranton, Pa.
J. C. HARDING, Evanston, Ill.	R. A. INCH, Washington, D. C.
W. J. BAIRD, Merion Station, Pa.	D. R. JAMES, Brooklyn, N. Y.

At the close of our Junior year Arthur R. Teal was elected leader of the Glee Club; J. Windsor Decker the same for the Banjo Club; and Rhodes Clay likewise for the Mandolin Club. Having been Assistant Manager throughout our Junior year, Harold McCormick had, in June, been elected Manager, the position he was to hold during our Senior year. Trials, for all the clubs, had been held in October, and since then practice had been held once a day, daily; but now that football was over, and there was nothing to do but to "poll" and read the papers to see what next pugilist testified that football was worse than prize-fighting, or what jockey affirmed that it was "tuffern"

horse-racing; then it was that rehearsals were held twice a day, preparatory to leaving for the Christmas trip. The only new men from our class were, on the Glee Club, none, except Charlie Fisk; on the Banjo Club, all, with Fitzhugh Speer; and on the Mandolin Club, George White and Dave Speer; and Alex. Andrews, Roy North and Harry Roberts were the new guitars, who play, as you know, on both the Banjo and the Mandolin Clubs. Concerts were given in Pennington, Lawrenceville, Elizabeth, Orange, Newark and Princeton, and then the clubs started for the Christmas trip of 1894-95. We gave them good-bye, wished them a pleasant journey, said we felt sure that we would hear of them through the papers while on the trip, and *knew* we would hear lots when they returned which the papers somehow or other would not contain. And then we headed for our own homes—at least, most of us did.

Lurch! lurch! lurch!

In the trough of the sea, O ship.
How I wish I had stayed at home,
And taken a friendly tip.

So wrote John Thacher on board H. M. S. "Aurania," on a wintry day in our Christmas vacation; his mind somewhat unbalanced from *mal de mer*. John is a pushing fellow; he always wants to be up and ahead of the time, so he decided to visit England and the Continent in these few weeks, merely to see the tailors, haberdashers, and hatters as to what would be worn this year; naturally, he betook himself to London and Paris. He found that all coats were to be cut much shorter, and that the extremely long ones had been "rung in;" that trousers would be cut rather straight from hip downward, as small at the bottom as the size of the feet would permit; that all vests would have a liberal opening and would be much shorter than heretofore; that the "covert" coat would be much worn and that the colors

would be brown or green mixture; that shirt fronts should be perfectly plain with place for two or three buttons; the colors of gloves, brown or yellow; red is the color in neckwear; "in London they are wearing wide Ascots, so ample in size as to be what an American would term a 'chest protector;'" for evening dress the white lawn tie with wide ends, tied nonchalantly, and



HE RETURNS FROM ENGLAND.

arranged in "butterfly shape;" and that the silk hat is the proper one for demi- or evening dress; the shape is the bell crown, not so pronounced as last season. All these pointers he collected, then he bought this wardrobe: a sack suit of cheviot; a black cutaway coat and vest, with neat trousers; a frock coat and

vest ; a dress suit, with extra vest of white Marseilles ; a covert coat for business, an Inverness overcoat, extra trousers, shirts, collars, cuffs, neckwear, semi-hose—black, brown, and variegated ; and last, but not least, a high and round *silk hat*. Then he started for America, prepared to “cut a figure,” little thinking that his tile and one small girl would be the source of much ridicule, and of how this was accomplished we will see a little later.

The vacation passed uneventfully for the rest of us, though some came back with gold watches and other pieces of jewelry, some with musical instruments, some with books, and others with “’most any old thing.” The Glee Club Organization had returned from its trip, and, true enough, we did hear many things about different fellows, which, if I attempted to dwell upon at length would fill many alcoves in the library. The following diary of the trip—not mentioning whose it is—will have to suffice :

Sunday, Dec. 16.—Left Princeton for Philadelphia to take special train. Invited out to dinner, but declined. Went to B. & O. station at 10 P.M. to prepare for leaving. Saw, by the Manager’s posted placard, that I was to bunk in Walter Lord’s car—the *Delaware*. Train same as last year—engine, of course ; baggage car ; the Pullman sleeper, christened “the cattle car ;” the *Delaware*, and then the Garrett car, *Maryland*. The Andrews car, which was to have met us here, has not yet arrived, but we have just received word that it is on its way back from California, and will meet us at about Louisville. The fellows are all here. It is twelve o’clock, midnight ; have looked at the *buffet* and see it is well-stocked—provisionally and *otherwise* ; we start in an hour. Some fellows who dined with John Garrett came in the car—we dressed *deshabille*, and then heard this story : John, who has been well-behaved for the last two years, says he is going to have some “games” this year ; so we expect to hear from him on the trip. Jackson—Mr. John’s valet—is along ; he has just now put “Mr. John” to bed.

Monday, Dec. 17.—Left Philadelphia at 1 A.M. this morning. At 9 A.M. breakfasted at Cumberland, Md. Meal tickets were given us here, to be used throughout the trip. Was tossed out of an upper berth six times between Washington and Cumberland—the Potomac seems to follow the railroad, or vice-versa. Arrived in Pittsburg at 2 o'clock. Twenty-five cent luncheon given us at Hotel—couldn't call for "seconds"—not even a second glass of Pittsburg water. Concert grand success, only one accident—a Freshman's ready-made necktie dropped to the stage as he strained for a high tenor note, which created a great deal of commotion. The leaders all fussed about getting on and off the stage, and the Manager did a great deal of "pa-haing." Nothing after the concert except—what you bought yourself or some friend "set up."

Tuesday, Dec. 18.—Left Pittsburg 2 A.M. and passed a comfortable night. Breakfasted at Cincinnati, where a bevy of beautiful girls came to see some of the fellows whom they knew. Proceeded on to Louisville, and arrived there at four in the afternoon. Jim Blair—a heeler—lost his Ivy pin to a young maiden who, as he says, "I kissed only once, but it was awfully nice." Evidently he's new at the game. Stanley McCormick crushed his silk hat and ruined his dress suit—fell on the ice, he said, though I didn't see any ice in Louisville. Saw Bob Caldwell when we first got there, but lost sight of him later in the game. Never saw him looking better and he said business life agreed with him. Most everybody "got in touch" before we left, and did a good bit of "fussing." Andrews car not yet arrived.

Wednesday, Dec. 19.—Left Louisville at 4 A.M., arriving here—Indianapolis—at 10 this morning. Felt rather weak, so remained in bed till noon. Enoch—the faithful porter of the *Delaware*—served coffee and rolls. I noticed some of the fellows pushing buttons along the sides of the car, and then heard them ask for Martinis, but I know not what was meant. Many of us went to

the matinee of the Bob Fitzsimmons Company—were horribly swindled. Alex Andrews and Fitz Speer bought high hats in this city. Tea and dance given us. Concert good. Roy North met *someone*; they seem desperately attached. As we leave Indianapolis he has a very long face. Andrews car met us here. Placed between the cattle-car and the *Delaware*. It's a dandy.

Thursday, Dec. 20.—St. Louis. Arrived here at noon from Indianapolis. Large crowd met us at the station. Saw "Judge" Valliant and Guy Warren. Water wasn't good, so most of us drank "goot beer." Tea in the afternoon. Stanley McCormick met the girl of his choice here. He and Jim Blair were going to leave us and go to Chicago to-night, but after Stan met this girl he decided to remain in St. Louis over night and start for Chicago in the morning. As Jim was going to visit him he had to remain also, which brought forth much swearing on the part of the latter, but which, however, didn't affect the former. John Harding and "Louie"—the porter of the Maryland—have become *fast* friends. Entertained at the St. Louis Club after the concert.

Friday, Dec. 21.—Arrived here in Kansas City about noon. Lost sight of Guy Warren and Jack Valliant, but am positive that I remember everything. Rhodes Clay and Walter Lord raised Cain in the state-room last night, no one in the car could sleep. Consequently wasn't dressed when we arrived here, and, consequently again, was hauled five miles out in the railroad yard. Rode back on a shifter. Incline planes the only great thing in Kansas City. Went to hotel, however, and got a good meal. Looking over the mail saw a letter to Roy North, addressed in a feminine hand, and post-marked "Indianapolis." Likewise one to Jim Blair from Louisville. Pop Pease and Duck Teal have been drawing about seven letters a day, so far. Jackson packed "Mr. John's dress-suit case, took him up town to a Turkish Bath Palace, and saw that he was well attended

to. As soon as the concert was over we ran to the train and started immediately for Colorado Springs, six hundred miles away. Now we are just passing Topeka, an hour out from Kansas City. Have just been through the train—the fellows are eating, imbibing, playing cards, “fussing” with instruments, and singing—think I’ll get in the game.

Saturday, Dec. 22.—10 A.M. Have just breakfasted at Goodland, Kan. Had great sport with the girl waitresses. Billy Baird asked one to bring him a “leg of mutton,” whereupon she replied: “You mean a limb, don’t you?” And the beers were on Bill. About 3 o’clock saw Pike’s Peak, forty miles ahead. At 4.30 we arrived at Colorado Springs. Air great; exhilarating, refreshing and enlivening. Here we are at the foot of the Rockies. Hotel good. Streets fine. Everything just like summer. Concert great—never saw such an enthusiastic audience, gave twenty-five encores to our eighteen programmed pieces. Went to the El Paso Club after concert. Harden Crawford here got the name of “Buggy” Crawford. Why? Fitzhugh Speer sat down—and fell asleep—in such a *draught* that he caught a severe cold. Dave Speer was greatly affected by “thin air,” he was found Sunday morning upside down in his berth. Walter Lord and Tom Pierson became very friendly with some of the celebrities, so did John Harding.

Sunday, Dec. 23.—Manager was to have met us at the station at “half-past nine” to run out a few miles and have pictures of the train and fellows taken, with Pike’s Peak in the background. He showed up at half-past eleven—his eyes gave him away. Finally got started, and had pictures taken. In afternoon drove to Manitou, and through the “Garden of the Gods.” We leave for Denver at four this morning. John Garrett has just come in—he thinks he has been “devilish” and asks Jackson’s opinion. This worthy replies that “Mr. John” should not teach married ladies to smoke. He is apt to get himself in trouble, sometime.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Arrived in Denver early this morning. Two teas this afternoon. Saw Johnny Sanger—he looks as well as when he was with us, and has changed very little—for the better, though, I believe. He likes business, and is getting along very nicely; both of which I was glad to hear. Harry, or rather Stein Roberts met a couple of girls whom I think he had much better let alone;—children get burnt if they play with fire. Concert grand success; a multitudinous audience heard us. Dance given after this, at which we had a very enjoyable time. Arthur Dunn taken ill. Some S. P. C. C. lady has taken him in and called for the children's doctor.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Christmas Day in Denver. Spent a V in sending telegrams of "Merry Xmas" to the folks at home and—to some others. Began to snow last night and has been keeping it up since. Drove over the city and am much impressed; think it would be a beautiful place on a clear day. Concert well attended. We leave at 1 o'clock for Lincoln, Neb., and its that time now; we're off! I hear a great commotion on the platform, the Manager is frantically pulling the bell-rope and waving his hands in the air and crying, "Stop the train! Stop the train!" Kid Carroll and Walter Lord are not yet here. The officials say they'll hold the train only fifteen minutes, or the contract to land us in Lincoln by 6 P.M. to-morrow will be void. The Manager is tearing his hair—and his moustache—out by the roots. Have no idea where they are; A. D. T. messengers sent all over the city with photographs have failed to find them. Jackson is giving "Mr. John" some bromo-cafeine to quiet his excited nerves. Enoch—"good, old Enich!"—has shut himself in the kitchen, praying, "Lord, bring back the gentlemen befo' it am too late." All aboard! And just as we are starting they come tearing through the gate as if in answer to Enoch's prayer, and he—"Sweet Enich!"—throws up his hands and cries: "Massa, I car' mor' for de sheep dat was los' dan for

all the de res' to-gever." The excitement cools down, but arises again as soon as they learn that *The Man*. has fined them \$25 each. Walter: "Never saw such injustice." Charlie: "Fine all you *darn* please and see who pays it." The Man. (his thumbs in his top vest pockets, and imbuing all with his commanding presence): "Gentlemen, that will be sufficient."

Wednesday, Dec. 26.—Awoke at 10 A.M., en-route to Lincoln. Remember went to sleep last night hearing this sweet refrain from one end of the train to the other: "To h— with the management! To h— with the management!" Breakfast at Phillipsburg, Kan. More girl waitress. Seems they have nothing else in Kansas. Arrived in Lincoln on time, thanks to the C. R. I. & P. R. R. Concert well attended. Arthur Dunn much improved; took seventy-seven grams of Spether's Speedy Spiriter, and has been puffing at seven times seventy-seven other bottles (put in his pockets by this same lady) all the way here, and this no doubt accounts for the improvement. Most of the fellows think this a slow town. I wonder why? Jim Decker met an old German *professor* after the concert, whom he brought to the train and treated in grand style. He asked all the fellows to sign their names on his card, but we all gave him fictitious ones except Jim. The *professor* was a hard-looking character.

Thursday, Dec. 27.—Omaha. Arrived here about noon. We were much disturbed throughout the night by Kid Carroll, Rhodes Clay and Walter Lord. Seems they mobbed a policeman in Lincoln and took his "billy," etc. With this they marched through the train, playing "hot-rump." Those nearest them, to wit, the occupants of the Andrews car, fared "worst" of all. More mail for Roy North and Jimmy Blair here. Tea in the afternoon; concert and a dance in the evening. John Garrett's high hat was ruined here. There was a small hole in the crown just about the size of the tip of a girl's boot. I wonder how it got there? The *professor* came on to Omaha and is looking for

"Mr. Daker." He wanted our leader to leave the Clubs, and to "Cum, gif me lessons on ze banjo." *Nice* girls in Omaha.

Friday, Dec. 28.—Cedar Rapids. Girl waitresses dressed up by some enthusiastic family in Orange and Black costumes. Lovely tea given us in the afternoon. Tried to buy a handkerchief in the town; storekeeper said they didn't "keep 'em." Concert, smooth dance, and on to Davenport.

Saturday, Dec. 29.—Arrived here this morning. Queer city, Davenport. It, Rock Island and Moline, all seemed to be joined together. Tea given us in Rock Island in the afternoon. We all took great delight in meeting Miss French. Tom Pierson, when introduced, said: "Miss French, I am very happy to meet the writer of 'Octave Thanet.'" After which, however, she failed to recognize Tom. At the close of the concert Duckie Teal thought it would be quite appropriate to cheer for all three adjoining cities, for we had as many people in the audience from Rock Island and *Moline* as from Davenport. So he led a triple cheer, first for Davenport, then one for Rock Island, and then: "Now, boys, I propose a triple cheer for *Mologny*: Are you ready? Hip! Hip!" But we couldn't cheer so much did we have to laugh; and the audience could not have heard us even if we could have cheered, so much noise did they make from laughing.

Sunday, Dec. 30.—Arrived in Chicago. Spending my time here with relatives.

Monday, Dec. 31.—Luncheon given us at 1 o'clock, everything the best. Concert in the evening. Charlie Carroll got his solo—Susan Brown—twisted, but bluffed the thing out, somehow. "Elegant dance" given in the evening after the concert. At midnight we sang "Old Nassau" and cheered for '95. Thus we ushered in the New Year and the year of our graduation. Left in the early morning for Columbus.

Tuesday, January 1, 1895.—Columbus—not Christopher. Arrived here late in the afternoon. Concert in the evening—success. Dance afterwards.

Wednesday, Jan. 2.—Hard run from Columbus here—Baltimore. Didn't get anything to eat till our arrival at Cumberland, Md., at three in the afternoon. Then rode by daylight the road which we had travelled before at night, and didn't wonder that we were tossed out of bed. Jim Decker had to *recline* while the train travelled the "seven circles." Arrived in Balto. three minutes of eight o'clock—just in time to give the concert. Our delay of two hours was caused by a hot box. Concert O. K. Had dinner after the concert.

Thursday, Jan. 3.—Arrived in Phila., glad enough to be home once more. Jackson dressed "Mr. John," packed his trunk, and then brought him to Princeton. We all separated. Some returned to College, some went home, and others went to visit friends.

There, kind reader, you have a short account of our Glee Club trip, gleaned from the diary of one of the gentlemen on it.

I have just said that some of us went to visit friends, and among them was the illustrious, far-famed and wonderful John Cowden Harding. Upon invitation he went to Merion to visit Billy Baird, at whose house John is a great favorite. It was to be only a short visit—a little sojourn in the beautiful suburban districts of Philadelphia, so the "Count" did not take much paraphernalia—only his frock coat, high hat, etc. The next day both Billy and he rested until noon, then they arose and toileted, and when, finally, they made their appearance in the drawing-room, the ladies of the house suggested a walk through the hot-houses and around the grounds. Nothing could have pleased John more; it was hot and stuffy in the house, he had had a good rest, and now a short walk would invigorate him and put him in a mood for entertaining ladies. So they started. It was a beautiful day and John was simply revelling in the beauties of nature and—his pleasant company. They wandered through the greenhouses, where John had a boutonniere pinned on

the lapel of his coat, and then they strolled down to a little pond just at the foot of the hill upon which the house stands. The little pond was covered with ice—beautiful, clean ice—and dainty-footed John wondered how thick the ice was. So he walked to the edge and began tapping gently upon the surface, never heeding the kind remarks of the ladies to be careful lest he fall in. Oh, no! he wouldn't fall in. "Why look," he said, "the ice will bear my weight," and so saying he stepped upon it. But—Crash! Splash! "Help! Help!" and John, high hat and all have disappeared from view. Billy ran for a gang of workmen on the Pennsylvania Railroad, all the men around Merion were summoned inside of two minutes, all the domestics—male and female—about the place were on the scene digging ice, and even the New York and Chicago Limited, which happened to be passing, was stopped, while its crew went to assist in the rescuing of John. Before long someone caught him on the end of an ice-pole and pulled him out by his frock coat, almost frozen to death, but nevertheless hanging on to his high hat as though it were life itself. Then they resuscitated him, put him to bed, hung his clothes to dry and set things right again. The Limited started on her way for the West, the inhabitants of Merion returned to their respective duties, the workmen to the railroad, and the servants to their quarters, all crying with loud, victorious voices: "We have saved this day the life of Mr. John Cowden Harding, of Princeton." As soon as his clothes permitted the "Count" donned them and started for College, and as far as I am able to learn, he has not returned to Merion since.

What, ho! Examinations here again! Why it seems but yesterday since our last conditions were removed. But sure Mike! here they were. We were examined in Public Law and History of Law, in Theism, in Art, in Astronomy, in Comparative Politics, in Practical Physics, in History, Greek, French, Latin, Chem-

istry, Osteology, Ethics, History of Philosophy, German, English Literature, Finance, Poetics, Roman Law, Bible, in Experimental Psychology and Advanced General Psychology, in Theory of Functions, and many other things which were not such "snaps." The "Scientifs" had it much *easier* (?) than had we the "Academs." They answered papers on Roofs and Bridges with the "Big Man;" Valve Motion and Stenotomy with Freddie Wilson; Quantative Analysis with Professor Cornwall; Foundations with "Whiskers" Smith, etc., etc.

Then we began the course of our Second Term, and had practically the same studies, only farther advanced;—The Dean's English, Granny Hunt's American Literature, Woodrow Wilson's Laws, Jack Hibben's Bible, Bliss Perry's Prose Fiction, Jeremy Osmond's History of Philosophy, Billy Sloan's History, Bill Libbey's Physical Geography; and many other harder subjects. And so now we were on the last lap of our College life. We began to count the weeks before Commencement, and the more we counted them the faster did they seem to go. Days went like lightning, weeks like thunder, and the months simply flew by. But amid all this, we had time to hear some odd things.

Who is it that invariably goes over to the Garrett's and takes a nap on the divan? Who is it, do you say? It is none other than the great Jake Otto. He hasn't gone there once this year without taking *a rest* before coming away. As Jake makes his appearance in the house and enters the library, the family vacates it. He grows tired sitting there by himself, so he'll just close his eyes till some one comes. When they do come, his eyes are shut, his mouth wide open, and he is making a terrible noise like the rattling of water through the hot pipes of a radiator. Jackson wakens him at four o'clock to say, "Mr. Otto, 'Mr. John says it is time for recitation.'" Then Jake rubs his eyes, wonders how they knew he was there, and then "wheezes" over to Markie's Art.

Then, too, Hardy Crawford and Jim Decker took some girls to the Ivy Tea the day of the Junior Promenade, and drove from the Princeton Inn to the Club house. What was the matter with the horse, Harden? Couldn't you drive? Wouldn't the beast go for you? Or couldn't you hold it up? At all events, first, the animal started to run away—and it was one of Hungry Golden's, too; then it balked, and finally fell down in a snowdrift about four feet deep. The ladies alighted, waded through the drift, wet their dainty feet—but laughed all the same. Harden and Jim picked up the brute, and, in doing so, Harden ruined his high hat; Jim tore his frock coat, I believe, and both swore like troopers. Harden says he'll never forget that afternoon, and there are others who saw the sight who won't forget it very soon either.

Bob Inch went to Orange to visit Billy Lane—met a lovely girl who was fond of singing. After dinner Bob, who is likewise, suggested some music, and asked the fair one to favor them, and she consented to do so if Bob would sing with her. So they began—"Drink to me only with thine eyes;" "Oh love be true, Love I love you;" "Thine eyes so blue and tender;" "How can I bear to leave thee, one parting kiss I give thee"—these and many other songs were sung, and then when Robert came to go he received this farewell with a little pressure of the hand: "Good-bye, Mr. Inch, good-bye. I'll never forget you. Never, no never, no never." Bob tried to mumble something, but the words seemed to stick in his throat, and so he had to depart without covering himself with glory, verbally, as he had done vocally.

Had I the time I could tell some funny things about Joe Bunting's trips to Ogontz, and of how he tells people what a lovely place it is, and what nice people live there. I could tell why Ed Munn goes to New York so regularly, and I could tell why Billy Baird goes to Mount Holly so often. Have you ever heard these three discussing the merits of each place? No? Well, you don't

know what you've missed. Joe swears that Ogontz is the prettiest place for a suburban home. "It beats Merion, Mount Holly, or Orange." "That might be," said Billy, "but the place don't make the *girl*. *Mine* will make home happy when I come from business." "So'll mine," and "so'll mine," said Ed and Joe in unison. "Well," said Ed, "*mine* lives in New York, and she certainly can give your Philadelphia girls pointers on dress." "No she can't," came the answer from the others, "ours go to New York to get their tailor-made gowns." Really it is a great pleasure to hear them "chin" each other. Nevertheless, boys, we extend our congratulations to you. We are glad to know that you are so well acquainted with such nice people, and that such nice people are so closely related to you.

And now we heard a rather odd story about Roy North. It seems Roy went to New York and then up the Hudson to spend Sunday with a *friend* who lived in that locality. The friend met him at the station, and it was such a beautiful day that they took a short drive. Hardly had they started when Roy turned to *her*, all excited and agitated. She saw he had *something to ask*, and she trembled. Would he do it in daylight! now that he had just arrived? Merciful Heaven! What would she say? Yes? No? How could she answer him? But no, Roy had no idea of doing any such a rash thing. He only collected his courage and then said: "Miss S——, is Howard White here? Is he spending Sunday in this locality, also?" and when he received a negative answer, his eyes sparkled, his blush departed, and he was the same Roy Lorton North again.

Life, that great journal of wit, came out about this time with a cartoon, by Charles Dana Gibson, entitled "The Leading Features of a Liberal Education," and what should it be but the picture of a football game with Franklin Blake Morse the model. It seemed that Frank went to Mr. Gibson and asked him to draw it—I mean that Mr. Gibson asked Frank to let him draw it, and,

of course, he (Frank) readily consented ; and he went to New York about eighteen times a week to pose for it, and thought it great sport. Now he calls Mr. Gibson, "Charlie," "Danie," and "Giby," but we notice that the artist still calls him "Mr. Morse." He has since received this epistle :

DEAR MORSE :—Your kind letter received upon my arrival from Chicago, where I have been for a short time. Meant to send you the proof before I left, but, in the confusion, didn't get it done. I do so now. I am glad you liked the picture, and appreciate very much the big share you had in it. The people out West simply went crazy over it, and said it was the most perfect image of a football player they had ever seen ; and this, not in flattery, because they didn't know who my model was. All society here in New York is going wild over the cartoon ; the *élite* are having it framed, so much are they pleased with it. Here's an extract from a note I have just received from the publishers of *Life*. 'More copies of papers sold this week than ever before. The office has been crowded every day by young ladies of the "400" who come in crying : "Please give me a copy of *Life*. I want the cartoon of that handsome football player. Who is it ? Won't you please tell me ? He's got such a graceful pose, and then look at him *catching* that other fellow. Doesn't he dive at him beautifully ?'" This is just an extract—Morse—and it is only a sample of what I have been constantly hearing since my return. We must do something like it again, when you can come to town and give me the time. I'll try to come to Princeton to see you before you graduate. Thanks for your kind invitation. Be good to yourself.

Ever thine,

Frank prizes that letter so much that he put it in a conspicuous part of his scrap-book, so conspicuous, in fact, that *anyone* who examines the book with a searching eye, can't fail to see it.

The day of "Washington's Arrival" arrived before we knew it,

due, no doubt, to the fact that our funny orator was hustling around getting jokes, in cold blood, on one and all of us. Jack Frame was the senior orator, and Benjamin Lewis Hirshfield—ye gods! what a name—our distinguished debater. The Faculty tried to have the gym. exercises presided over by Dr. Patton, but the class “kicked,” fearing that he would do it on some ontological-catagorical basis; so on this ground that body of right-minded men ceded their demand, and our President presided. He introduced Jack in a novel way—he used no words at all, but only showed to the audience a crayon portrait of a chimpanzee; *then* Jack arose and began his speech. And what a speech it was! He took as his subject: “George Washington’s Innate Antipathy to the University of Pennsylvania Analogically Deduced from the Æsthetic, Analytic and Dialectic Transcendentalism of Kant;” but in the deduction he forgot one of his major premises and consequently brought out a false conclusion. To be candid, the only words which he had down “pat” in that subject were “Æsthetic, Analytic and Dialectic Transcendentalism of Kant,” so when his braineological hypotheses had been stated, and he had brought many of us in as axioms, he concluded—we were glad to see him do so, so much did we worry over his mental condition—by saying: “So, kind friends, I have proven that the ‘Athantipy of George Washington’s Innate Deduced Analogically to the University of Pennsylvania equals the Æsthetic, Analytic and Dialectic Transcendentalism of Kant.’” To say we were angry is putting it mildly—we were furious, and had Washington or Kant have been here they would have shot him on the spot. The idea of deducing Washington’s Athantipy Innate to the University of Penna. and then, by Frame’s logic, equalizing that to Kant’s Transcendentalism, even though it were æsthetic, analytic, or dialectic!—it’s *reductio ad absurdum* on the face of it, and even the athantipy of George Washington’s innate or the transcend-

entalism of æsthetic, analytic, or dialectic Kant, had they been here, could have seen that. But never mind, Jack, you'll learn better bye-and-bye, so don't give up yet. Ben Hirshfield lost the '76 Prize Debate, but we knew the judges didn't want to favor him because he was a Senior, just as they had treated Fod Weeks, four years ago, because he was a Freshman. Nevertheless, we knew there was good material in Ben.

Have you ever looked at Joe Park's face and noticed the orifice just below his nose? It's about the size of Mammoth Cave. Joe got lost in it, and hence we lost the Harvard debate. Joe, Ben Butler, and Howard White were our representatives. They made a brave fight, and, as it seemed to us, won the debate, but the judges thought differently and the victory went to Harvard, "fair Harvard." However, we had another debate on our hands and so we started to get ready for that.

Meanwhile baseball practice had been going on daily in the cage. The men were playing as though they "smelt" a Championship—got pretty smart nasal organs I must confess. They have started on their Southern trip. Behold, Easter is here! Easter, the time when the team puts on new suits, when ladies appear in tailor-mades, and when overcoats are shed for the frock coat and high hat in gentlemen's etiquette. St! Come here, Chimmie. Got a story fer to tell yer.

Reader, if you will take the left-hand page of this little book by the lower left-hand corner, and extending the thumb of the right hand until it touches the margin of the bottom of the leaf and then "turn over," and keep on doing so, you will come, a few pages back, to an account of how John Thacher went abroad and of what he saw and did. Among other things he bought himself a smooth high hat. At Easter-tide he went to visit Ed. McCormick, in Germantown, dress-suit case in one hand, high hat in the other. Ed. had gone home a day or two ahead of Thacher, and consequently all were expecting him on

Saturday afternoon; so when the time came Edward's little sister placed herself at the front window to welcome the expected guest. Soon he hove in sight, and greatly pleased at having been the first to see him, she runs to tell mamma. "Oh, Mamma, Mamma," she cried; "here comes Mr. Thacher and he's got a bucket in his hand. What's he got that for?" The guest arrived and was shown to his room, whereupon the young Miss was privately told that that was a high hat which Mr. Thacher was carrying, but even yet she did not understand; so at the dinner table, when conversation lagged just enough for her to get started, this is what she said: "Mr. Thacher, Mamma said that was a high hat you had in your hand this afternoon, but I'd like to know why you carry it in a bucket? It isn't moss-covered, is it?" Everybody laughed, hurrahed, and pa-haed. Little girls are sweet things, John, are they not?

I told you that a festival at Stony Brook was the cause of Stuffy Bone's downfall from a spotless reputation. Now, I say more than that—it was the cause of his downfall from the high realm of literature, or if the festival wasn't, the girl in the case was. Again the report was circulated that Billy was deeply in love, and was engaged to this young lady of Stony Brook, but again no person seemed to put credence in it, as it came from the same source which it had previously done. But the night of the festival changed everything. What an unfortunate coincidence, but the feast came the same night as Hall Graduation, and, would you believe? Billy cut his graduation from Whig Hall simply to take this fair one to the spread. O what sacrifices! what surrenders some people make for one who is closer than a friend, dearer than a sister.

Shakespeare once said that "the wise man knows himself to be a fool," which is all very true. *The Tiger*, with that whit of whittled wit which it possesses, has taken this as their motto, and not inappropriately. The College has done likewise. For

the Harvard debate we selected three men who thought themselves wise, but who proved to be —. Yes, it was rather a rainy day. So now we choose three men—two from our class—who knew themselves to be fools and yet who proved themselves to be wise men. The material which we knew was in Ben Hirshfield now showed itself, he was chosen one of the Yale debaters. Then Burns, not Robert, but Billy Burns, was the other representative from the Class. With the other debater—Mr. McElroy, of the Junior Class—they started for New Haven. Fully 5,000 people were at the station to see them off, the '95 Drum Corps paraded them to the depot, and as they marched across the platform and cut a gangway through those 5,000 souls, there was cheering the like of which has never been heard within forty miles of Princeton. No, even the Bow Bows of our friends at Rutgers didn't equal it. Four magnanimous and lusty-lunged followers accompanied them to New Haven and saw "Palms of Victory, Palms of Glory" placed upon their heads. There was great rejoicing in our camp when the news of victory was received, and we gave "a triple cheer for Hirshfield, boys, are you ready! Hip! Hip! Hip! —." And another for Burns, and one for McElroy, and then we cheered for Princeton and for the victorious sons of Old Nassau.

The *Nassau Herald* Committee had been preparing questions for publication, and now we were given questions to answer something like these: Ever been married? How often divorced? What was the fourth one's name? Prefer a blonde or brunette? Long or short? Broad or narrow? What business do you expect to go into? How long do you expect to stay at it? What do you expect your income will be for the first year—\$150 or \$1.50? Do you eat three or six times a day? If not, why not? What cover would you have on the *Lit*—sea red or heliotrope pink? How many times in the past week has Harvey Koehler dunned you for your laundry bill? Who does

your washing—Trenton steam, Charlie Lee, or Mrs. O'Flattery? Do they put too much starch in your hose and not enough in your shirts? Do they sew all the buttonholes shut to prevent putting on any buttons? And do they tear more holes in your socks to keep from darning those which are there? Who is the handsomest man in the Class? The most popular man? The biggest freak? The worst fruit? The hardest poller? etc., etc.

These were the questions which were put to us and which we had to answer. Perk said that his favorite *sport* was Sister Faris, because he absolutely refused to poll for fifteen minutes after each meal, and that his favorite sport was jumping from Pike's Peak to Mount Blanc in one leap. Jack Caton was the only one who said that Harvey Koehler never dunned anybody—that's because Harvey and he are great chums, and Jack, I believe, get's his wash done gratis. Illingsworth and Doggie Dunlop were the only ones who had not been married, and yet, in reality, they are the only ones who are. Illy takes great pride—a father's pride—in hearing little Dorothy crying for her papa. He says that *there are others* besides George Washington who were born on the twenty-second of February.

Jacob Schweighauser Otto: "Permit me to congratulate you. I officially inform you that you have been elected, by a majority so heavy as to be practically unanimous, to the highest place in the gift of our affections. You have been declared the most popular man in the class. Women sigh for you, babies cry for you, we are ready to die for you, therefore are you like Castoria. The fact is evident, though we may assign different causes for it,

"Now there was Sheridan, the poet, orator and wit, and there was Fox, the statesman. Both were highly popular. They each had a thousand creditors—perhaps one thousand and one, or possibly only nine hundred and ninety-nine—but an error of one in a thousand is trifling. Their creditors ran after them very much, sought their company and took a lively interest in their

welfare. Your popularity does not take that shape. You do not owe one of us a cent (?) and we love you so that we don't intend you shall. On the contrary, we owe you—good-will; and however much we may pay you, will still remain your debtors in that line. You are that rare man whom everybody owes and whom everybody wants to see.

“The celebrated John Wilkes was the popular man of a class—not the college class, but class made up of the people of Middlesex. He was not only popular in Middlesex, but with the fair sex. From the duchess to the barmaid they doted on John. So did the voters. They went for John every time; and when Parliament wouldn't have him, on the ground that half was better than none, took the demi-John. He was the ugliest white man in England. That was the secret of his popularity. No lady's pet pug is uglier. But you are by no means ill-favored. You are, in fact—well, I have seen several men who were uglier than you. Yet John Wilkes in the height of his popularity could not have held a candle to you; partly because you are more popular than he, and partly because you were not born until he had pegged out.

“The estimable James J. Corbett is the lion of to-day. Crowds follow and gaze upon him; the journals chronicle his journey as though it were an imperial progress. His name appears in big type at the head of newspaper columns, and in bigger type on hand-bills. We know why he is popular. To the thews and sinews of Heracles he adds the skill of Spartacus or any other cuss. He can knock out the biggest bruiser in four rounds. But you are not particularly distinguished for muscle, except when you make your home-run drives. Yet compared with you, Corbett is nowhere about where you would be if you stood before him.

“Perhaps the secret of your popularity lies in the fact that you have always minded your own business; that you have used

no arts to gain our regard, and because you are a downright good fellow with no nonsense about you. But whatever the cause the effect is just the same. You *are* popular. Don't deny it. We have the figures, and figures never lie.

"Classmates, now I start to perform a duty—a duty which is at the same time a pleasure, as all duty should be; and a duty which, occurring in the life of an ordinary being, is an epoch. The honor of being entrusted with it overwhelms me. I hesitate for want of language to express the feelings within. I have, in the preparation of this work, been engaged for a week in the study of Worcester's Dictionary, with occasional invasions of Greek and Latin lexicons; I have dipped into the Wörterbuch of the German tongue, but there are not words in all these to express my emotions. Such is the poverty of human speech."

Augustus Frederick Holly, Jr., my address is to you: "You are at once interlocutor, and the theme of my discourse. I pause in awe and admiration.

"In the palmy days of glorious old Rome, when a general returned victorious from a campaign, the senate and people decreed him a triumph, and he paraded the streets of the city headed by the popular brass band of the time, preceded by the trophies won from the enemy—except the greenbacks which he carried in his wallet—and followed by the captives, while the people sang in chorus 'Hail Columbia,' or something to that effect. We are not in Rome, but we do as the Romans do, which is even more than the proverb requires of us. To you, your classmates—a much more respectable body than the Roman Senate—recognizing you as the handsomest man in the class, where all are noted for their personal beauty—I am a member of it myself—have decreed you a triumph. You do not come with your captives in your train, because, being exclusive of the fair sex, they are debarred these classic halls, which are almost monastic as well as quite scholastic. Nor have you your trophies

here. They are doubtless stowed away in your trunks at home, hidden from vulgar observers. They consist of numerous broken female hearts, pickled in glass jars; a hundred love letters, criss-crossed, and each with a dozen postscripts, and locks of hair past counting, varying in every shade of color, from raven black to flaxen white, including several of that fiery hue which the poetical Greeks designated as golden—the tint of the setting sun. The Roman general won his triumph by hard knocks and vulgar labor; you gain yours through the favor of nature.

“Oh, Gus, august Gus, we envy the one who wins you. Her hubby was the handsomest man in the Class of '95, which means the handsomest man in College! We beg you to accept our token of admiration—our votes; and should you ever become rich, very rich, to remember us in your will. If before then you should choose to give each of your admiring classmates a house (brownstone front) and lot (in a fashionable cross street), we shall not take the will for the deed, but the deed instead of the will. Take, then, our votes as a token of admiration too strong for words to speak and too great for a gift—except the one our Presentation orator gives you—to typify.

“Hark, my friends, what a wonderful past, what a successful future.” Listen to our Prophet. Take heed of the words he utters. Would that I were the prophet for only one reason—that I could picture the man in our class who, three years from now, will return with his wife and baby-boy and receive the silver cup. Whom will our class-boy be? Will he be a Hatch, Jr., or a Condit, Jr.; a Sherman or a Shaw? Let us keep guessing for some time to come!

Gentlemen of our Memorial Committee, what are you going to give this College at our Decennial? It is not too early to think about it now. There are many things which we could give—they are too numerous to mention here; yet, whatever you do decide that we shall give, make it something that shall

not only grace the College as an ornament, but something that shall be useful as well as ornamental, and that shall cause future generations to remember, always, the Class that gave it.

"All good things must have an end"—so must the History and the Class of 'Ninety-Five. The former has now reached that goal—the latter will last, perhaps, for "three score years and ten," perhaps for not that long, and possibly for longer. But no matter how long we live, nor how long our class exists, we will always "remember with kindness and tenderness the old University comrades and days." And as we come back here next year to celebrate the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of our dear old-elmed Alma Mater, so may we, as many of us are living, return in 1946 to join in the festivities of its bi-centennial jubilee. Classmates :

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting."

To-day, to-morrow, and next day, we sit together for the last time an undergraduate body of students. Then, formally, ceremoniously, we receive our diplomas and depart hence into a wicked world. We leave behind us the elms, sacred to Princeton ; the campus which has bivouacked many illustrious classes ; old North, and the Seniors' steps, the College buildings, McCosh walk,—all of these, dear to the memory of all of us. They will not be forgotten,—but, as pleasant reminiscences of a happy epoch in our lives, they will always be near to us. But one thing that we regret, even more than this, is that now we are parting with friends and friendships that have been growing closer and closer since Freshman year. Boys, let us not forget these friendships, but let us keep on welding them closer and closer, and making them dearer from year to year ; and then

when we come back to our reunions our cheers for Princeton and for 'Ninety-five, though less in volume than now, will have that ring of harmony and of unity which characterizes brotherly love and general good feeling. 'Twill be the cheer of a class that is *one* until the end of time.

Where, Oh ! where, are the grave old Seniors ?
Where, Oh ! where, are the grave old Seniors ?
Where, Oh ! where, are the grave old Seniors ?
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Since the writing of these pages, the sad news of the death of a classmate, who was with us only in Freshman Year, has come to us — Harry Presley Cobb died at Utica, New York, November 21, 1894.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOSEPH KARGE,
Professor of Continental Languages and Literature,
Died December 27, 1892.

ERNST OTTO WILLIAM MILDNER,
Assistant Professor of German,
Died May 26, 1894.

JAMES McCOSH,
Ex-President of Princeton,
Died November 16, 1894.



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Reserve Fund (4 per cent. Standard), and all other Liabilities	147,564,507
Surplus, 4 per cent. Standard	<u>\$ 37,479,803</u>

SURPLUS, 3½ per cent. Standard, \$27,258,765.

Outstanding Assurance	<u>\$913,556,733</u>
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In the above Statement of Outstanding Assurance, Instalment Policies issued during 1894, and previous thereto, have been reduced to their commuted value.

New Assurance Applied for	\$256,552,736
Amount Declined	39,436,748
New Assurance Written	<u>\$217,115,988</u>

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